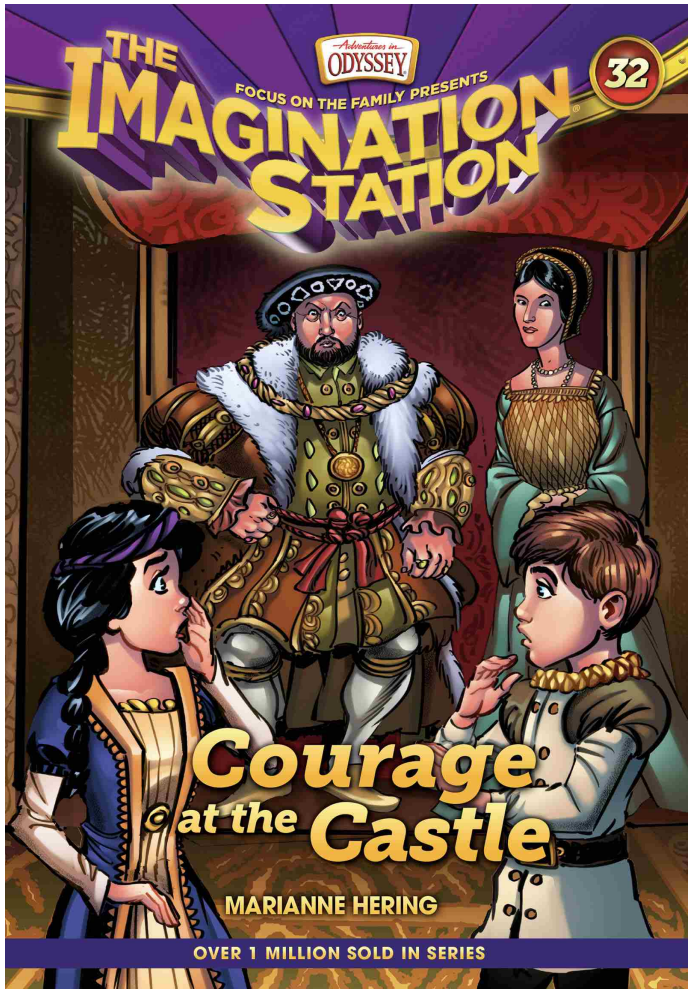
Adventures in ODYSSEY
FOCUS ON THE FAMILY PRESENTS
THE IMAGINATION STATION
32
Courage at the Castle
MARIANNE HERING
OVER 1 MILLION SOLD IN SERIES

Courage at the Castle

BOOK 32

MARIANNE HERING
ILLUSTRATIONS BY SERGIO CARIELLO

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To Haley Nolan, who believed in Anne Boleyn

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Secret Word Puzzle
Author and Illustrator

Prologue

In their last adventure, cousins Patrick and Beth visited the Soviet Union in 1961. There they helped a kind pastor named Lars Spens on his mission to deliver Bibles to Christians in Russia. The cousins also encountered Amelia Darling again. Amelia is a modern-day scientist who has been using one of the Imagination Stations for her own purposes. This time she wanted to visit Moscow and convince the leaders of the Soviet space program to allow her to travel to space. In exchange, Amelia was going to give the Soviets US government secrets. The Imagination Station's inventor, John Whittaker (Whit for short), arrived in the adventure to help the cousins stop Amelia from going through with her plan.

With government agents in hot pursuit, the two cousins, along with Whit and Amelia, needed to leave the Soviet Union in a hurry. Beth and Amelia left in one of the Imagination Stations—but they didn't return to Whit's workshop in Odyssey. Instead, they arrived in a dark cave in England—the same cave that the Imagination Station had brought them to in the fourth Imagination Station book: *Revenge of the Red*

Knight.

Beth opened her eyes. It was dark, but she could still see. The Imagination Station had brought them back to the portal cave. The air was moist and smelled of wet soil and decaying leaves. A cool breeze rustled the vines covering the opening.

Somehow the cave seemed even older this time. Beth thought the vine branches were thicker, the leaves larger.

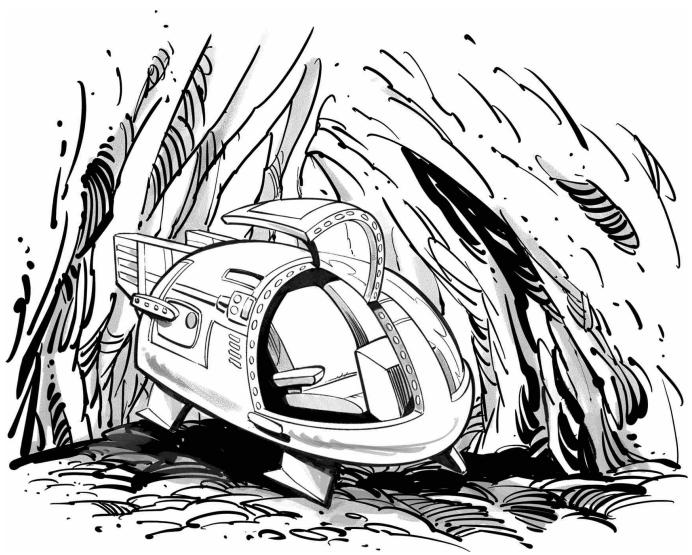
Amelia got out and said, "Give me the remote! I want to be a cosmonaut!" She looked around the cave. "Where are we?" She looked back at Beth "And what are you wearing?"

"Oh, no!" Beth said, looking down at her clothes. "We're going to be . . . *aristocrats*!"

Their clothes *were* very different. Old. European. *Fancy*.

Amelia wore a dress that reached the floor. It had beautiful beads and pearls decorating the fabric. She wore a headdress with cones sticking out from the sides of her head. Long strips of fabric hung from the cones.

Beth looked down. She had on a dress made of thick fabric with gold threads.



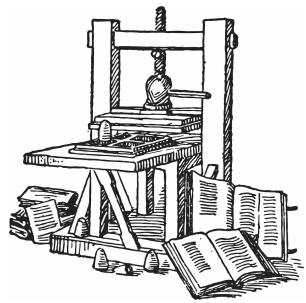
“It looks like we really are in England,” Beth said. “This looks like how people dressed during the time of King Henry the Eighth.”

“Well, *we’re* here,” Amelia said. “But where is Whit? And the boy . . . we need his pin.”

Beth stepped toward the back of the cave. She shouted, “Hello?”

There was no answer except the echo of her own voice.

The Cave . . . Again



Beth raised a finger and tapped her chin with it. She remembered something from a previous adventure: There was a secret room. “I’m going to see what’s in the back of this cave,” she said.

She started walking and passed a familiar stalagmite.

“Yuck,” Amelia said. “I’m not going with you. There are bat droppings back there. And I don’t want to ruin this *gorgeous* dress. It’s fit for a queen.”

The scientist smoothed her hands along the front of her dress. Then she flipped back the lace hanging from the cones on her headdress.

“Just wait a couple of minutes,” Beth said.

“What else would I do?” Amelia asked and shrugged.

Beth turned a corner and moved down a narrow passage. She was careful to lift the hem of her dress.

Beth smiled when she came to a solid wall. She reached a hand between two large stones and felt a lever. She pushed it and heard a soft click. Suddenly the wall moved inward.

Torchlight slipped out of the secret room and into the

cave.

Beth's eyes widened in surprise. The room had changed since she'd last seen it. It had once held a straw bed, a jug, and a chest full of old clothes.

Now it was jammed with wooden crates.

Beth stepped inside the room and pulled a lever on the secret room's wall. The door closed silently behind her. She went to a nearby crate and looked inside. A bunch of books. *No,* she thought, *many copies of the same book.*

The yellowish-tan cover had odd lettering and odd spelling.

"Newe Testament," she read aloud.

Beth picked up one of the bound copies and thumbed through the pages. The little Bible had pictures scattered across yellow pages.

She stepped farther into the room. The next three crates she inspected had the same New Testaments. Bibles were stacked high above the edges of the crates.

A loud *thud* sounded from behind the crates.

Beth turned quickly. Her elbow knocked off two Bibles. They landed with a *thump*.

"Who goes there?" a voice called.

The voice's owner was a medium-sized man. His mop of gray hair curled around his ears.

His green eyes locked with Beth's.

"Are you friend or foe?" he asked. His right hand slid to the hilt of a dagger.

Beth gulped. Her voice turned high-pitched. "Do you really need a knife? I don't even weigh eighty pounds."

The man let go of the hilt and smiled. "I'll regard you as . . . a small friend." His smile faded. "Until I learn otherwise." He patted the knife.

Beth cocked her head to one side. "Your voice is familiar. I've heard it before." But this man wasn't Hugh or Albert or Sir Andrew. She had met those men during her first adventure

in England.

The man studied Beth. "The last time I saw you," he said, "you weren't dressed so nicely. You wore a white dress with a red pinafore that you'd borrowed."

Beth was still confused.

"Who are you?" she asked. "How did you know I borrowed those clothes?"

"My sister had outgrown them," the man said. "They were stored here, in a trunk."

"J–James?" Beth couldn't believe it. He had been a teen when she'd first met him. She remembered that he had learned about the strange comings and goings of the Imagination Station.

The man nodded. "We helped save Albert more than fifty years ago!"

So that would mean this adventure is taking place around 1535, she thought. *Hugh, Albert, and the other adults are dead by now. I wonder if James thinks I should be much older.*

"What happened to the brave knight?" she asked, still remembering her previous adventure in England.

"Sir Andrew fell in battle during the Wars of the Roses," James said softly.

Beth felt sadness cover her like drizzle. Sir Andrew had saved her life more than once.

James went on. "He was fighting alongside King Henry Tudor. The war ended at Bosworth Field on August 22, 1485."

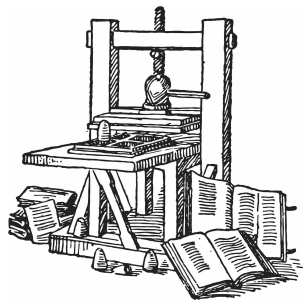
"Which side was Henry Tudor on? Red rose for Lancaster or white rose for York?" Beth asked.

James laughed. "Red for Lancaster. But he married Elizabeth of York. That way Henry Tudor joined *both* sides. The Tudor rose he wore had a white center with red outer petals."

Suddenly James raised an eyebrow. "Where's your cousin . . . Patrick?"

Beth gulped. "Good question."

William Tyndale



The Imagination Station stopped moving.

Patrick sat in the Model T and looked around. He was alone. A small white envelope lay on the other seat. He picked it up and climbed out of the machine.

The Imagination Station vanished. Patrick stood in a narrow alley. Brick buildings with tall, slanted roofs blocked the sun.

He looked at his clothes. He had on a white, long-sleeved shirt with buttons down the front. The sleeves were full.

Patrick felt his collar. It had ruffles around the neck. A tan leather vest covered the body of the shirt. The rest of his clothes were black: black breeches, black socks, and sturdy black leather shoes.

He wondered if he still had the Soviet space pin from the last adventure in Russia. That pin worked as a remote controller for the Imagination Station. He patted his pockets. No pin, but he did feel something small and flat. He would inspect it later.

He opened the envelope. One of Mr. Whittaker's

translation earbuds was inside. There was also a note from the inventor.

Patrick slipped the translation device into his ear. Then he read the note:

> Patrick, you're in sixteenth-century Belgium. The people there speak Flemish and other European languages. You'll need the earbud to translate. If anyone asks for help, give it freely. I'll meet you later, when you need me most.
>
> Whit

Suddenly a door opened. A man in a charcoal-colored cloak stepped into the alley. He held a thick stack of papers in his arms.

"A silver coin for you if you lend me aid," the man said to Patrick. The earbud buzzed. That meant the man wasn't really speaking English, but the earbud translated his words for Patrick. And it was definitely an older style of English.

I wasn't expecting to give help so soon, Patrick thought. "Sure. What do you need me to do?"

The man nodded toward the open door. "Enter and secure a stack of papers. Then follow me."

"Wait, is this stealing?" Patrick asked. He didn't think Whit meant he had to become a thief.

"Verily, nay," the man said. "I doth own this print shop. 'Tis urgent I clear it out with haste."

Patrick felt better. He shoved the envelope into his pocket. He entered a large room. Light flooded in through the tall, narrow windows.

Nine wooden printing presses filled the room. Stacks of yellow paper lay on tables next to the presses. Patrick moved toward the nearest table.

He studied the pages. The papers each had eight panels printed on them. Patrick noticed a picture of a man with a lion on one panel. "The Gofpell of St. Marke" was printed above the picture. *Are these pages for a Bible?* he wondered.

He grabbed the stack by wrapping his arms around it so that his hands held the loose papers on the bottom. It was so tall he could barely see above it.

Patrick stepped carefully outside.

The man pulled the door closed behind him. “This way,” he said and walked away quickly.

Patrick followed. The paper felt heavier and heavier with each step. Patrick wished he’d taken a smaller stack. He worried that an uneven cobblestone would trip him.

But Patrick kept a careful eye on the man’s dark hood. He lifted each foot high so he wouldn’t catch a toe on an uneven stone. He followed the man through the twisty alleys.

After walking for about fifteen minutes, the man turned and entered a house.

Patrick stepped inside. He stood in the doorway and looked around. Four men had gathered in the house. Three of them looked older and wealthy. Their clothes were new and of good material. But one man was different. He looked a little younger, although his beard and mustache were gray like the others’. His clothes were different from those of the others. His wool cloak was patched. His boots had polish on them, but it wasn’t enough to cover the many scuffs.

“Mert, who is this newcomer?” the man with the patched cloak asked. A frown curved his lips like an upside-down *u*. “I do not wish strangers to enter this home.”

Mert set the papers down on a nearby chair. “I know nothing about him, William. But he is a safe companion. He is from Belgium and speaks Flemish well. Our foe hires only those who speak English.”

Patrick had no idea he’d been *speaking* Flemish. And he wondered who this enemy was.

The man named William grabbed a sheet of paper off Patrick’s stack. He looked it over and frowned again. “We need pages from Jude and Revelation. I already have the Gospel of Mark.”

“We will secure them,” Mert said. “’Tis no fault of the boy’s. He carried what he was able to.”

William rubbed his beard and said, “There be but little

time before the bishop comes to raid the print shop. I would make sure we get pages for a full New Testament." He pulled his cloak over his head. "Verily, I shall go to the print shop myself."

Mert raised a hand to stop him. "Forsooth! You shall not," he said. Then he lowered his voice and said in English, "The Bishop Wakeman of London hath spies everywhere. They search all of Europe for you. This house be the only place you have safety."

William's frown relaxed, and he lowered the cloak's hood. He sighed and turned to Patrick.

"You will need to find the pages of Revelation," William said. "Can you read?"

"Yes, English." Then Patrick thought of the earbud translator. A little brag slipped from his lips. "Well, any language, really."

"Any language?" William laughed. "You are a great scholar then. Where did you attend school?"

Patrick wished Beth were with him. She knew how to answer these types of questions. He did the best he could do without lying. "I was just in Moscow," Patrick said, thinking of the last Imagination Station adventure.

"Ahh," William said. "You've traveled far. You mean you can speak the languages of modern Europe."

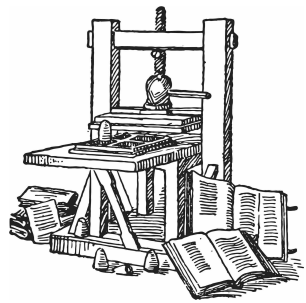
Patrick smiled. He was eager to help. "I can read them too. And just about any language that Mr. Whittaker—"

Suddenly the room fell so silent Patrick stopped talking. He looked around him. All the men inched closer. Their bodies pressed in on him from all sides. He smelled wool and beer and sweat.

Patrick clutched the papers even closer to his chest. He ducked behind them as if they formed a shield.

"You know Mr. Whittaker? What news do you have?" Mert asked.

The Whittaker Family



“It doesn’t seem as if Patrick and Mr. Whittaker made it here. At least not to this cave,” Beth told James with a sigh.

Her old friend’s eyebrow rose even higher. “You mean John of Whittaker, of course. Do you remember Albert? He adopted the family name Whittaker. He had seven sons and even more daughters. And their children each had at least ten children.”

“That means many Mr. Whittakers live in these parts,” Beth said.

“A good thing, verily,” James said. “The Whittaker family gave a man named William Tyndale much gold. He was able to pay for these Bibles therewith.”

Beth smoothed her hand across the leather cover. “They’re nice.”

“And they are illegal in England.” He picked up one of the crates. “Would you help me deliver them?”

Beth nodded.

James looked her square in the eyes. “Forsooth! ’Tis a perilous thing. You could be taken to a dungeon and tortured

if you are caught with one."

Beth thought for a moment. *If the Whittakers and James are helping, it must be important.*

"I'm in," she said.

"Certainly, then," he said. "It will be a pleasure to have you. I do remember that you and your cousin be wise children."

Beth blushed at the compliment. She tried to pick up the nearest crate, but it was too heavy. So she took four New Testaments out of it and headed to the door. She pulled the lever on the wall. The door slid open.

James shifted the crate to squeeze through the narrow opening.

Beth then lifted a metal pole with a cone on the end. She used it to snuff out the torch with the metal snuffer cone.

Beth left the room and closed the door behind them.

The smell of mud and bat droppings reminded Beth to lift her dress above the muck. She walked through the cave and looked for Amelia. But the woman wasn't there. Beth peeked behind the stalagmite. No Amelia.

They walked through the vines covering the cave's entrance. Beth looked outside along the road. Still no Amelia.

Beth stood with James on the road that passed the cave's entrance. To the left, the road curved into a grove of thick trees. To the right, open farmland stretched for miles. Beth thought the grain was nearly ready for the harvest.

"Are there buildings near here?" Beth asked James.

"No," he said. "Verily, 'tis four miles hence to town."

"Are you carrying the crate that far?" Beth felt uneasy.

James smiled. "Nay, I was about to place it in my wagon." He set the crate down on the gravel road. "Then I was going to cover the crate with barley stalks and sacks of oats. The Holy Scriptures must remain concealed."

Beth looked around. There was no wagon that she could see.

"What, pray tell, do you think happened to my wagon and horse?" James asked.

"Amelia happened," Beth said.

Patrick cleared his throat. The men around him seemed very interested in what he had to say. “Well, I know *John Avery* Whittaker,” he said. “Do you know him?”

Mert said, “All the printers know of the Whittaker family. There are many with the Christian name of John, including the master of the family. He hath gone into hiding. He is a Reformer. Is he the one you speak of?”

Patrick nodded. “I’m sure my Mr. Whittaker would help print Scripture.”

Mert gave Patrick a knowing look and a wink. “We know that agents sent by the bishop of London are spying on the Whittaker family. The bishop doth think that one of the Whittakers shall lead them to William Tyndale.”

Patrick couldn’t imagine Whit hiding from anyone. And why did the bishop want to find William? Weren’t bishops men of the church?

“When will you see John Whittaker again?” Mert asked.

“Well . . .” Patrick wanted to think fast, but his brain wasn’t working well at the moment. All he had was the note to help him. “Mr. Whittaker will meet me . . . later.”

“Where?” This time William asked the question.

And this question was even harder to answer. Patrick knew Whit could show up here or anywhere in the adventure—at any time.

Then remembering Whit’s note, Patrick answered, “Where we need him most.”

The men nodded. The answer seemed to satisfy them.

William waved to Mert. “Pray return to the print shop. Bring me as many pages of Jude and Revelation as you can.”

Then William put a hand on Patrick’s arm. “You are coming with me. I could use your language skills with my translation work.”

He paused and dropped Patrick’s arm. “Pray, what be your name?”

“I’m Patrick,” Patrick said with a weak smile. He regretted bragging about the languages he could understand through

the earbud.

"And I am William Tyndale." William gave a tired smile that reached his hazel eyes. "I am the most hunted man in all of Europe. You must not reveal my whereabouts to anyone."

"Yes, sir," Patrick said. "I won't tell anyone where you are."

William picked up the pages Mert had put on the chair. He walked up some creaky wooden stairs. At the top of the stairs, he opened a door and stepped into a room.

Patrick followed William up the stairs and into the room. He peered over the top of the stack of papers. The room was large. A single bed with a straw mattress lay in a corner. The center of the room was filled with a long desk covered with papers and quill pens. The desk was slanted. A three-shelf bookcase leaned against the wall. A small brass clock sat on top of the bookcase. It chimed the quarter hour.

"My work on the New Testament is finished. Henceforth I am working on translating the Old Testament into English." William put the pages he was carrying on the desk. "I have need of you to begin a second copy."

Patrick put down his stack of papers. He knew that his handwriting was terrible. William Tyndale would not be happy with his work. Again, he wished Beth were with him. Her handwriting was neat and tidy.

"I'm sure one copy is enough," Patrick said. "Then Mert can print as many copies as you need."

William shook his head. "I must move again soon. The bishop knows I am in Antwerp. Someone told him that Mert's presses are printing my New Testament. The shop shall be raided, the papers burned. I must ensure that this new work doth not get destroyed. It has taken me years to complete the first five books of the Old Testament."

Patrick recited the books in his head: *Genesis, Exodus, Leviticus, Numbers, and Deuteronomy*. He'd learned in Sunday school that Moses wrote those five books. They were very important. And very *long*. His fingers started to ache when he thought about copying all those words.

But Whit's note had said to help. So he would try to help.

Someone knocked on the open door.

William called, “Come in.”

A tall, young man stepped into the room. He greeted Tyndale, nodded at Patrick, and set down a book he was carrying. “William, I have at last obtained a copy of that book you desire.”

William picked up the book. “Thank you, Harry.” He inspected the spine. As he did, Patrick saw the cover.

“That’s by Martin Luther,” Patrick said. “It’s a translation of the Bible in German.”

“Verily,” William said. He thumbed through the pages. Patrick could see that it had many pictures in it.

William said, “I doth desire to see how he translated the first sentence in the Gospel of John.” He turned some pages. Then William read aloud the first verse in German.

Patrick’s earbud translated, and he said, “In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God.”

“By my troth!” William said. “’Tis the English translation word for word. Great job, Patrick. You shall be a translator yet!”

Patrick adjusted the earbud. “Thank you,” he said.

Harry chuckled. “Pray, tell me who this young man may be. Until now I deemed myself your favorite student.”

William shrugged. “He journeyed from Moscow and is well traveled. One of the Whittakers tutored him, so I trust him.”

Harry suddenly seemed to want to know more about Patrick. He went to him and bent to one knee. Now they were at eye level. “Verily, you know the Whittakers. Are you a Reformer, as they be?”

Patrick felt trapped. He didn’t know what a Reformer was.

“I think it’s good that Mr. Luther made a Bible,” Patrick said. “And I think Mr. Tyndale’s idea to translate the Old Testament into English is good too.”

“That is wondrous news, Patrick,” Harry said. “The more Bibles that are placed in the hands of common folk, the more excellent it shall be. That is the desire of the Reformers.”

Harry smiled, but his smile was too wide. The happiness didn't make it to his eyes. He seemed to be faking.

Patrick felt uneasy. Did William trust Harry?

Suddenly Harry stood and turned to William. "I almost forgot the second reason I came," he said. "Will you do me the honor of having lunch with me and the English merchants on the morrow? I found a new trader who grows barley at Sudeley Castle. He is willing to smuggle your New Testaments into England."

William shook his head. "I thank you, but nay. I have already made plans for tomorrow's noonday meal with Mistress Poyntz. She is my hostess, and I desire to treat the children."

"Pray change your mind," Harry said. "Mistress Poyntz may see you another day. And I am in Antwerp but a day. I must depart on the morrow's eve to return to law school."

William drummed his fingers on the desk. "Very well. It will be a pleasure to meet this barley merchant."

Harry smiled again. This time the smile was dazzling—it lit up his brown eyes with delight. Patrick thought the expression was sincere but also *sneaky*. Harry seemed very pleased with himself.

"Then I shall return midday tomorrow," Harry said. He nodded to Patrick and William and left the room.

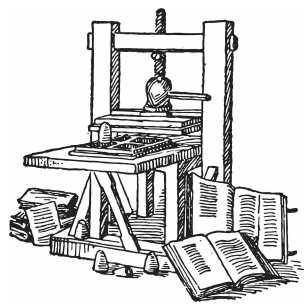
"I don't like him," Patrick said softly. "He'll make trouble."

"Absurd. Harry is simply . . . *young*." William scratched his nose. "However, Thomas Poyntz, my host, has his doubts about him as well. Quite interesting."

William placed the German New Testament on his bookshelf. He picked up a scroll made of animal skin. "It's time for Hebrew translation work."

Patrick closed his eyes and took a deep breath. He cracked his knuckles one by one. *I can do this,* he thought. *I can.*

The King's Guard



"Amelia?" James said. "Is she another of your relatives?"

"No!" Beth almost shouted. Then she took a breath to keep her temper under control. How could she describe the scientist who used the Imagination Station for her own purposes? "Amelia is a grown-up. She's smart and . . ." Beth couldn't find the right words. "Amelia came with me to the cave."

"And you think she took my wagon?" James asked. "Would she take what is not hers?"

"Sadly, yes," Beth said. "We need to find her. Do you think she went left or right along the road?"

James knelt on the gravel. He studied the road. "I can't tell which direction the wagon went."

Suddenly Beth heard something in the distance. It was coming from the direction of the woods. Hoofbeats clomped along the road. But she couldn't see anything yet. "Maybe Amelia is coming back with the wagon," she said.

James shook his head. "'Tis a single rider. A good mount, by the horse's speed."

James took Beth's arm. He pulled her back from the road. "Enter into the cave," he said. "We do not wish for anyone to see you."

"What about the crate of Bibles?"

"Goodness me!" James said. "Assist me in moving them to safety!"

Beth dropped her four New Testaments into the crate. She grabbed one side of the wooden box. James lifted the other. Beth stepped backward several steps.

She and the crate disappeared into the cave. The vines fell back like a curtain.

"Pray, if anything bad happens," James said in a whisper-shout, "hide in the secret room."

The hoofbeats stopped on the road.

Beth peeked through the hanging vines. A man wearing a red uniform was on a black horse. His chest plate bore the Tudor rose. His kilt was black-and-red plaid. His legs were in white tights. His beret was as bright as a cherry.

His right hand held a ten-foot pole with an axe head and a spike on the end of it.

Beth had seen something like it before. Patrick had a plastic one in Odyssey that he used in pretend battles with friends. The weapon was called a halberd.

James and the man talked for a while. James pointed in the direction of the woods. He shook his head. He waved his arms in protest.

The rider swung one leg over the horse and got off. He tied the horse's reins to a thick vine. Then he marched toward the cave opening.

James hurried behind him. He said, "A yeoman of the guard need not worry about a girl . . ."

Beth didn't hear the rest. She turned to hide in the secret room. But she stopped when she saw the crate of New Testaments. The guard would see it. He would arrest James and destroy the books. She had to move it.

She pulled the crate with all her might. It only slid about

three inches.

Suddenly light slipped into the cave.

Beth looked over her shoulder. The king's guard had parted the vines. James was behind him. Where could she hide? She dove behind the stalagmite in the center of the cave.

"Books? What are they doing here?" the king's guard asked.

Patrick and William Tyndale worked all afternoon. They sat at the long, wooden desk translating the Old Testament.

At first, Patrick read aloud from the Hebrew scrolls. He was amazed at how the translation earbud allowed him to read the Hebrew in English. Then Tyndale checked his original copy of Genesis in light of Patrick's words.

Sometimes William would say, "That's a good word!" or "Such an interesting phrase!" or "That makes more sense."

Patrick stopped reading after the story of Cain and Abel. Then William asked Patrick to begin copying the new English version of Genesis onto a clean piece of paper. As Patrick worked, he noticed how the slanted desk kept the paper upright so that the ink flowed smoothly and didn't glop. After writing, Patrick began reading again.

Hours they toiled. The sun went down, and William lit two candles.

Patrick wondered if they were going to work all night. He felt relieved when someone knocked on the door. He set down his quill.

"Enter, Mistress Poyntz," William said, but he didn't look up from his writing.

A woman entered. Mrs. Poyntz wore a scarf around her head, a white shirt, and a red skirt with a gray apron. She smelled faintly of ginger root and onions.

"Would you and your young friend like supper at the dining table?" she asked William.

William kept his eyes on his work. "Nay," he said. The quill scratched across the paper as he worked. "I shall not dine this evening."

"*Tsk tsk*." Mrs. Poyntz put her hands on her hips. "It's one thing if *you* don't eat. But you must take care of the boy. You don't want him to turn out like you."

William looked up. "What do you mean by that?"

"Well," she said, "you rarely leave this room." She lifted a finger and shook it at him. "You study day and night. You're too thin and think of nothing except books, books, and more books. And when you do speak, it's only about religion and church reform!"

Patrick's stomach growled.

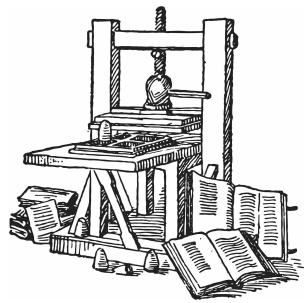
Mrs. Poyntz paused her lecture and turned to Patrick.

"Did you hear that?" Mrs. Poyntz said. She waved an arm in Patrick's direction. "You are starving the boy. He is to dine with my children."

Patrick stood up quickly. "I'd enjoy that, thank you. And I can help with the cleanup."

William turned back to his work. "Very well. I shall remain here, but you may provide Patrick with a meal. He has earned it." He briefly looked up. "And he'll be able to work longer after he has eaten."

Illegal Bibles



James followed the king's guard into the cave. He stood beside the crate of books. "Verily, 'tis not what you think!"

"What do you think I think?" the king's guard asked. He picked up one of the light-tan New Testaments.

"I think that *you* think these books are illegal." James moved nearer the stalagmite.

Beth knew that James was trying to block the man's view. It was now more difficult for the king's guard to see her. She crouched even lower.

"'Tis not what I think," the guard said. He stepped to the side and turned. Now Beth could see his profile. He, too, looked familiar. *How can that be?* she thought. *He wouldn't have been here during my last adventure in England.*

"'Tis . . . 'tis not what you think?" James seemed surprised. "Pray tell, what *do* you think?"

The king's guard said, "I think the Queen doth desire a copy of this New Testament."

"Queen Anne?" James said. "'Tis true—that she be a Reformer?"

The king's guard nodded and smiled. "Most folk think I am in service of the King's Guard. But in truth, my heart is to serve the Queen. Her Majesty desires an English Bible for all England. I shall do whatever she needs me to do."

James bowed slightly to the king's guard. "What if Queen Anne were to request you to *not* do something?"

"Such as to *not* throw you in the dungeon and torture you?" The guard pounded the pole of his weapon in the dirt.

"Aye," James said. "Could you *not* do that?"

"Aye. I can *not* do that," the guard said.

James sighed with relief.

"Come hither," the king's guard said. "Let us become friends. We Reformers need to unite." He leaned his halberd against the cave wall.

James introduced himself. He added, "I am the steward at Sudeley Castle."

"The King knows me as Stephen White," the king's guard said. "But my real surname is Whittaker."

Beth stood and rushed out from behind the stalagmite. "I knew it! That's why you look familiar. You're related to John Whittaker!"

Stephen grinned. "And you must be the lass the bold woman says is her runaway lady's maid!"

Patrick had never tasted a meat and vegetable stew so good. He even ate all the peas.

Mrs. Poyntz's three children had been quiet and polite during the meal. But they kept staring at him.

Mrs. Poyntz asked, "Would you like a second helping?"

Patrick glanced around the oval table. The two girls and their brother looked at him with wide eyes.

"Yes, please," Patrick said. He wanted to delay going back to the writing desk. William Tyndale might have him work all night.

Mrs. Poyntz stood up from her chair and left the dining area.

The three children kept staring.

Patrick blushed and wiped his mouth with a napkin.

Patrick asked, “Do I have a smudge of stew on my face?”

The youngest girl was about five with black, curly hair. She asked, “Where’s your yellow circle and your pointed hat?”

The boy, Peter, looked a lot like the younger sister. They had matching coloring and long, straight noses. Peter lifted a hand and flicked it across the back of her head. “That’s rude, Margaret,” he said.

Margaret scowled and rubbed her head. The children at the table fell silent again.

“Why would I wear a yellow circle?” Patrick asked. He looked at each of them. “And why do I need a pointed hat?”

Peter crossed his arms. “It’s the law for Jews to wear the yellow circle on their clothes,” he said. “Most of the Jewish men wear pointed hats, too. You can tell who they are from a distance.” Peter pushed some potatoes around in his bowl. “None of the other nice Jews who helped Mr. Tyndale would ever eat with us. They always told my mother no, thank you. And they were all old. You are not.”

“And you don’t have a yellow circle or a pointed hat!” Margaret cried. Her scowl deepened and her eyebrows scrunched.

Patrick scratched his head. “I’m not Jewish.” He touched his earbud. “But I can read a little Hebrew. That’s the language the Old Testament was written in.”

“If you’re not Jewish, how can you read Hebrew?” Peter’s question hung in the air.

Patrick didn’t know how to answer.

Just then, Mrs. Poyntz came back in with a large, blue pot. She ladled some more stew into Patrick’s bowl.

Margaret could not keep quiet. “Mother, that boy needs a yellow circle. Why will he not wear one?”

Mrs. Poyntz’s face softened. “Now, be still and trouble not Patrick with your questions. He is a Christian and not bound to bear the mark of the Jews. He learned Hebrew from Mr. Whittaker.”

Patrick felt sad. It seemed as if the Jewish people were being made outcasts in Europe. He remembered from history

class that the persecution of the Jews had gone on for many years before World War II.

Margaret still wasn't happy. "Why does he get to see Mr. Whittaker and we are forbidden?" she asked. "I want to go see Mr. Whittaker again!"

"Mr. Whittaker is my friend too," Patrick said. "It's sad when we can't visit friends."

The third sibling, Addie, came to life. Her light-brown hair was in a ponytail, and her nose was turned up just a little. She looked about Patrick's age. She said, "Mr. Whittaker always has something fun to do. Books and games and activities. He's like a grandfather to all the kids."

The Mr. Whittaker in this adventure sounds a lot like the Mr. Whittaker in Odyssey, Patrick thought.

Mrs. Poyntz said, "Mr. Whittaker hath taken to hiding. But I'm sure we'll get to see him again soon."

"When?" Margaret asked.

Mrs. Poyntz put more stew in Peter's bowl. "When the bishop of London grows weary of arresting all the Reformers. 'Tis when."

Patrick finally got the nerve to ask about the bishop. "The bishop is Catholic. So why doesn't he want Mr. Tyndale to translate Bibles into English? Don't Catholics want to read the Bible?"

"For one so full of book knowledge, you lack intelligence," Peter said.

Mrs. Poyntz glared at her son. She set the stewpot on the dining table and sat down. "The bishop and other leaders in England prefer Latin. They would have only priests read the Bible. And when they do read it aloud, it must be in Latin."

"Mr. Tyndale says that every farm boy should be able to read the Bible," Patrick said. "And no one speaks Latin anymore."

"We all know that," Mrs. Poyntz said. "It has been that way for hundreds of years. But the times be a-changing in England. King Henry the Eighth hath begun arguing with the Catholic Church."

"Why?" Patrick asked.

“Henry hath put away his first wife,” Mrs. Poyntz said. “And he hath already wedded another, Anne Boleyn. But the Catholic Church refuses to bless his new marriage.”

Patrick didn’t like the sound of this king. And he had another question, but he was afraid he would sound silly. Still, he went ahead and asked it. “Why does the bishop of London have power here? This is Belgium, not England.”

Another silence filled the room. Margaret rolled her eyes. Addie put a hand over her mouth to keep from laughing.

“Wow! You are really—” Peter started.

Mrs. Poyntz waved her hand to interrupt her son. “You were a long time in Moscow then,” she said to Patrick. “Emperor Charles the Fifth is Catholic. He has power over Spain and the Netherlands, and he also rules most of central Europe, including Belgium.”

Mrs. Poyntz pointed at Patrick with her ladle. “The hard fact is this: Emperor Charles and the pope both want England to stay Catholic. So they will help the bishop of London stop Reformers like Mr. Tyndale.”

Patrick was dizzy. This was harder to understand than long division. He picked up his spoon to eat more of the delicious stew.

William came in carrying a scroll. “What do you think of this translation of Genesis 4:7?” he asked Patrick. William read the verse aloud then asked, “Is sin ‘lurking’ at the door?”

The earbud buzzed. Patrick shook his head. “‘Sin is crouching at the door’ is better.”

“Excellent,” William said. “When are you coming back to help with the translation work?”

Patrick said, “I . . . uh, I promised to help Mrs. Poyntz with the chores.”

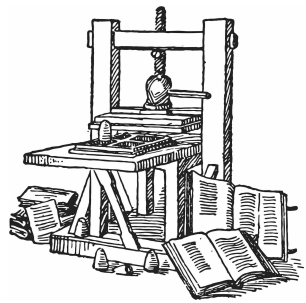
“Ack, no!” she said. “I’ve got my three children to aid me. Go and assist Mr. Tyndale with the Hebrew.”

Patrick felt the glares of the three Poyntz children. They didn’t understand that doing chores was easy compared to doing translation work.

Patrick put down his fork and sighed. It was going to be a long night.

6

Stephen



Beth knew that "the bold woman" could only be one person: *Amelia*.

"What did she say about me?" Beth asked Stephen.

The yeoman of the guard laughed. He picked up his halberd from against the wall. "She hath disturbed King Henry's hunt. He was not pleased at the outset. She claimed to be looking for her runaway lady's maid."

Beth said, "*She* ran away, not me."

"Either way, my wagon hath departed," James said. "I shall relocate the books farther back in the cave." He pushed his crate toward the secret room.

"Let's go then." Beth nodded toward Stephen.

"Ladies proceed first," Stephen said. Stephen pointed the halberd at the exit.

Beth moved and peeked through the vines. The black horse lifted its head and twitched its ears and tail.

Beth looked at Stephen and said, “The bold woman is named Amelia. She took . . . or maybe she *borrowed* James’s wagon. How are we all going to leave? There’s one horse for three people.”

Stephen laughed. This time it sounded like it came from deep in his belly. Beth thought he sounded so much like Whit.

“We shall embark on two trips,” Stephen said. “’Tis a simple solution. You shall see your lady friend soon. The King seems to be amused by her, even though she interrupted his hunt.”

“What did she do?” Beth wasn’t sure she really wanted to know.

“She revealed to him his future,” Stephen said. “She told him how many children he would have. And more,” Stephen said. “King Henry believed it all.”

Beth studied Stephen’s face. “And you? Do you believe Amelia?”

The yeoman’s expression turned angry. “I do not wish to. This woman said that King Henry shall have the head of Queen Anne struck off. That shall be a woeful day for me and all the Reformers.”

James came out of the cave.

Stephen said, “I’ll take James to Sudeley Castle. Then I’ll come back with the wagon. We’ve got to keep the New Testaments hidden.”

James and Stephen said their goodbyes to Beth. The two men got on the horse and rode away.

Beth waited till the men were out of sight. Then she went back inside the cave.

It was kind of creepy. A bat squeaked and flew above her head. She shivered. She leaned on the stalagmite and tried to read the New Testament she’d been carrying. But it was too dark.

She felt in all her pockets for a remote control or a gift from Whit. But there was nothing.

Suddenly she heard a familiar rumble.

Whit! Patrick!

The Model T Imagination Station appeared. Its headlights

stayed on and lit the cave.

Beth rushed to the machine.

Whit rolled down the driver's-side window.

"Hello, Mr. Whittaker," she said. "Where's Patrick?"

Whit pointed at the book in her hand. "He's with the man who translated that New Testament."

"Mr. Tyndale is in England?"

Whit twisted the corner of his thick mustache. "Mr. Tyndale is in Belgium. And I must get back there soon. But I saw the controls"—Whit pointed to the dashboard—"and you are not on your mission."

Beth looked at the Model T's dashboard. There were several new dials and lights on it. One light was blinking red. Underneath was her name. Another was solid green. The name under that one read "Patrick."

"Does the blinking red mean something is wrong?" Beth asked.

"Yes," Whit said. "You shouldn't be alone. You should be at Sudeley Castle by now. Where are James and Amelia?"

"Amelia rode away in James's wagon. She somehow found King Henry the Eighth."

Whit took off his glasses. He twiddled them in his right hand. "And James? Where is he?"

"He was heading to Sudeley Castle. Stephen White—I mean Stephen Whittaker—is coming back here with the wagon."

Whit's eyes twinkled with delight. "So you've met Stephen already. Good! I don't need to worry about you then."

Suddenly the lights on the dashboard changed. The light above Patrick's name turned to yellow. The horn started beeping as if in warning.

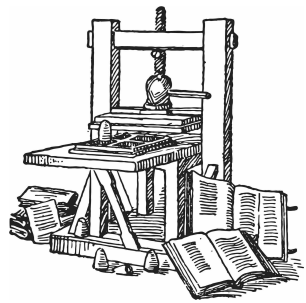
"Oh, looks like Patrick needs me now," Whit said. He put on his glasses and rolled up the window.

"Wait!" Beth cried. "I don't know my mission!"

But Whit didn't hear her. He waved and then pressed the button on the wheel.

Suddenly the Model T vanished. And Beth was alone again.

The Hunt



Patrick sneaked into Peter's loft bedroom for the night. Mrs. Poyntz had put a second bed in the room. The hay in the little mattress was fresh and smelled nice. He crawled under the covers. The wool blanket itched, but he felt warm. He quickly fell asleep.

It didn't seem like long before voices coming from downstairs woke him. Bright sunlight streamed in the small, square window.

Patrick stood and straightened the blanket. He patted down his hair and smoothed down his clothes. He felt some things in his pocket. They were the envelope and the small item he'd felt before. He pulled them out of his pocket.

The new item was a flat piece of gold in the shape of a shield. It was a little larger than a quarter. Craftsmen had decorated it in blue, gold, white, and red enamel. A falcon

with a crown held a stick of some kind. Flowers in both red and white grew out of a stump. He shoved the envelope and tiny shield back in his pocket, knowing the gold piece was from Whit.

He noticed that Peter's bed was empty. Had he gone down to breakfast?

Patrick tiptoed out of the room and climbed down two ladder rungs. He could now hear the voices clearly.

". . . alter our lunch arrangement." It was William Tyndale's voice.

"The children will be so disappointed." Definitely Mrs. Poyntz.

Someone cried, "But you promised!" No doubt Margaret.

"It must be." Mr. Tyndale again. His voice was kind but firm. "Harry Phillips knows a grain merchant. He has agreed to smuggle New Testaments into England. I need to meet with him."

"Pray wait till father is home. He doth not put his trust in Mr. Phillips. He would not give his approval." Peter's voice, full of worry.

"Verily, I do approve. Phillips is a Reformer, even as we are."

Patrick didn't want to eavesdrop any longer. On the next rung he slammed his foot. *Thud.* He also cleared his throat and looked around. The Poyntz family was gathered in the hallway with William Tyndale.

"Good morning," Patrick said.

"Oh, goodness," Mrs. Poyntz said. "'Tis not morning. 'Tis already past noon!"

A yawn rose up and escaped from Patrick's mouth. "I'm sorry," he said. "It's rude to do that."

William said, "Pray make no apology for being weary. You performed a great deal of labor last night. And you merit a reward. You may join me and Mr. Phillips for the midday meal."

Addie gasped.

Margaret wailed like a puppy on a chain. "Mr. Tyndale, you promised we could go!"

Peter turned and stomped out of the hallway.

A horse whinnied outside the cave.

Beth pushed the vines aside and stepped into the sun. Stephen had come back with the wagon as promised. Its large, wooden wheels were taller than Beth. A gray mare was hitched to the front. The black horse's reins were tied to the wagon.

Beth greeted Stephen. Then she walked around the wagon. The halberd and some bags of oats were in the wagon bed. She stopped at each horse to pat it on the nose.

"Where is Amelia now?" she asked.

"She remains at the hunt with King Henry," Stephen said. "You shall see her soon. We must pass through the hunting area on the way to Sudeley Castle."

Beth hoped she would find her mission at the castle. And she doubly hoped she wouldn't have to save Amelia from some scary tower prison.

Then she climbed into the front of the wagon. She put her New Testament in the back under some oats.

Stephen climbed aboard too. He took the harness reins and flicked them. The mare trotted off toward the trees.

The woods thickened quickly. Pines, oaks, and beech trees mingled together. Tall, purple foxgloves grew in the sunny spots. In the shade, pale-yellow primroses bloomed among clumps of wild garlic.

A horn blasted in the distance. Then the sound of hounds barking echoed through the woods. *Arooo! Arooo!*

"What are they hunting?" Beth asked.

"I cannot say," Stephen said. "'Tis maybe a fox or a deer. But the hounds doth sound very eager. Perhaps a brown bear or a boar." *A bear or a boar?* Beth was anxious. Both of the animals sounded dangerous. "Can't those animals kill the dogs?"

"Aye," Stephen said. "But fear not. The hunters have no fewer than thirty hounds. Only a few of them shall come to harm."

Even one hurt dog was too many in Beth's opinion.

Arooo! Arooo! The dogs' howls sounded louder.

Stephen called "Whoa!" to the gray mare. "We had best tarry in this glade," he said. "I do not want the mare startled by the noise." He hopped out of the wagon and held the mare's harness. His own horse nickered and snorted.

Stephen said, "Will you kindly leave the wagon and take hold of Raven's reins? I do reckon he wishes to join the hunt."

Beth got out of the wagon. She untied the black horse's bridle and whispered into his ear, "You can't go on the hunt this time, Raven. Maybe next time."

A rustling in the thicket made Beth turn.

A black animal crashed into the clearing. It thrashed its curved tusks and snorted.

A wild boar!

The mare squealed and bolted away from Stephen. She jerked the wagon at a sharp angle, tilting it. Stephen shoved a shoulder against the wagon's side. He tried to keep it from falling all the way over. But the weight of the wagon was bending the wooden harness poles.

"Look out!" Beth shouted.

But the warning was too late! The poles snapped; the mare ran off. And the wagon fell with a thud. The oats and halberd spilled out. The wagon also pushed Stephen to the ground. His legs were trapped underneath the wheel.

The yeoman moaned. His breath became ragged.

Beth and Raven stood between the boar and Stephen.

Suddenly Raven reared. The motion almost pulled the reins out of Beth's grasp. But she held on tight. "Whoa . . . whoa, big fella," she said softly.

Now it was the boar's turn to make things worse. The barrel-shaped beast faced Stephen and snorted. Blood dripped from its left back leg. The curved tusks shifted left and right. The stiff, black hair along its back rose and bristled.

"'Tis hurt, Beth," Stephen said. "'Tis already been struck with an arrow. 'Tis young and small for a boar."

Small? Beth wondered. It was twice her size.

The boar snuffled the ground. It found the oats and started

eating.

Beth dropped Raven's reins and snatched the halberd off the ground. She jabbed the spike toward the wild pig's head.

"Yah! Get back!" she shouted.

The swine snorted but backed away from the oats. It was now several feet away from Stephen.

"Yah! Yah!" Beth shouted. The boar let out a high-pitched squeal.

The dogs' howls were closer now. *Aroooooo! Aroooooo!*

The boar's nostrils flared.

"Run away!" Beth shouted. She swung the axe side of the halberd. It missed the boar by inches. The animal scooted, but it didn't flee.

Just then, Stephen whistled.

From the corner of her eye, Beth saw Raven trot to his master. Stephen grabbed the loose reins. He coaxed the horse by saying, "Back, Raven, back."

Raven lifted his head to tighten the reins. The magnificent animal moved backward. Each hoof step moved Stephen a few inches away from the wagon. In seconds he was free from underneath the wheel.

The yeoman let go of the reins and slowly rose to his feet. He limped toward Beth and tugged the halberd from her grasp.

Beth moved behind the wagon, peeking around its side.

Stephen lifted the halberd high. Beth turned her head and

closed her eyes.

But all was silent except for the hounds approaching.

She opened her eyes and watched Stephen. He had seemed to freeze.

“Do something!” Beth shouted.

“I cannot kill it,” Stephen said. “This is the King’s hunt. I shall be arrested if I bring it harm.”

The tan hounds crashed through the bushes. The pack circled the boar, barking and growling.

Stephen backed away. One of his legs was stiff, and he had to drag it. He moved till he reached Raven. Then he leaned against the horse.

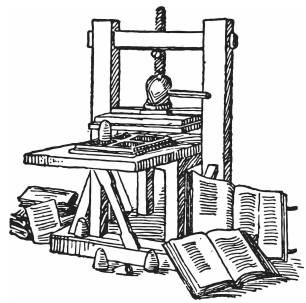
A tall man rode in on a white steed. A spear was in his right hand.

The man lifted the spear and aimed it at the boar.

Beth moved toward Stephen. He gently put an arm around her. She buried her face in his side. She didn’t want to watch the animal die.

The dogs erupted into howls.

Harry Phillips



Patrick and William Tyndale worked in the study. Patrick was reading a Hebrew scroll while William checked his translation of Genesis 6.

Someone knocked on the door.

Patrick looked at the brass clock on the desk. It was almost one thirty.

“Enter,” William called.

Harry Phillips came into the room. His brown eyes were bright with excitement. His cheeks were flushed a pale pink. “I’ve arrived to take you to midday meal, William. And your loyal assistant, Patrick, is welcome too.”

William looked up from his task. “We have no time to spare at the present,” he said, pointing a quill at Harry. “I am at a point of discovery. I have translation ideas about the giants in Noah’s time.”

Harry ignored his excuse. “Methinks we should go to the Hof van Holland,” Harry said. “Here is your coat.” The young man plucked the patched, hooded coat off a coat stand.

Patrick’s throat tightened with worry. Didn’t the bishop

hire Englishmen as spies? Harry was English. And Mr. Poyntz didn't trust Harry.

"Isn't it dangerous to take Mr. Tyndale out of the house?" Patrick asked. "Mert didn't even want him going to the print shop. I think we should stay here."

Harry patted Patrick on the head. "We do want to take care of William," he said. "But the Hof van Holland pub is less than half a mile from here. We can take the alleys. 'Tis safe enough."

Patrick shifted his head and backed up. He didn't want Harry to pat his head again. He considered the alleys he'd walked from the print shop. They were indeed hidden.

Harry added, "And William agreed yesterday to meet the new merchant."

William slowly stood up from behind the desk. He carefully cleaned his quill and set it on the desk. "I did agree to go. A man must keep his engagements." He moved away from the desk and took the coat from Harry.

"Do you have to keep a promise even if it's dangerous?" Patrick asked. "Wouldn't the grain merchant understand you could be arrested?"

William smiled and nodded at Patrick. "I do go out from time to time," he said. "The merchants know who I am. Yet they have not revealed to the bishop where I reside. They be a goodly and loyal lot. I shall be safe."

Patrick sighed and followed Harry and William out the back door. He didn't see any signs of the Poyntz children. And he was glad. He didn't want to see their jealous faces when he left for lunch. And he especially didn't want to hear Margaret's wail.

Patrick stepped into the alley. Even though the sun was out, the tall buildings blocked its warmth. The route was chilly and cheerless. People had dumped their trash in the alley, and it stank.

William kept his cloak hood over his face. He looked at the ground as they walked. Patrick knew he looked down to hide his face. But it was also so he wouldn't trip on the cobblestones or step in the filth.

“I’m glad I could help you translate Genesis,” Patrick said. “I learned a lot. And I think what you do is important. It will make people in England better Christians.”

William tilted his head sideways. A lopsided smile curved his mouth. “The Holy Spirit will make folk more godly, not I.”

At that moment, Patrick heard a door open. *Is someone coming out?* he wondered. *Will that person see William?*

Patrick turned toward the sound. But it was only a woman putting a black cat out. The cat hissed at him and ran the opposite way.

Patrick knew black cats weren’t really bad luck. But the cat spooked him anyway.

After that, Patrick felt like someone was following them. He thought he heard light footsteps. But every time he looked over his shoulder, no one was there.

They came to a sharp corner. Patrick thought he heard a giggle behind him. Chills went up the back of his neck. But when he looked, the alley was empty.

Patrick relaxed when he saw sunlight ahead.

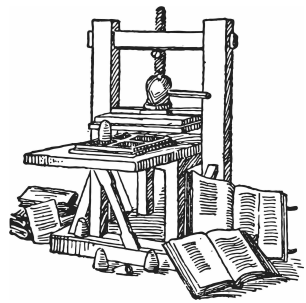
“Go ahead of me now, old friend,” Harry said.

William nodded and moved toward the sunlight.

Harry pivoted toward Patrick. “You, too,” he said, pointing to the wider road. “Move right along with Mr. Tyndale.”

Suddenly a voice from deep in the alley called out, “Stop, Mr. Tyndale, stop!”

King Henry VIII



Beth heard the horn blow again.

The tall man took a brass horn off his belt. He blew it three times in response.

"That's King Henry," Stephen whispered.

The king was well dressed. He had blondish-red hair.

Stephen limped away from her and his horse. He sat on the edge of the turned-over wagon.

Beth took Raven's reins in her hand and brought him to Stephen.

Several more riders entered the clearing. Most of them were dressed like the yeoman. But one rider was not part of the king's guard. That rider was Amelia.

The scientist sat on a white horse. Both her legs were off to one side of a special saddle. Beth had heard the phrase *riding sidesaddle*. She guessed it was to keep Amelia's fancy, long dress in one piece.

The raptor was more interesting than the saddle. A hooded falcon rested on Amelia's hand. Its claws clung to a leather cover Amelia wore to protect her hand.

King Henry ordered some of the men to prepare the boar's carcass. "Bring it to Sudeley Castle," he said. "Tell the steward to prepare it for dinner tonight."

"Yes, Your Highness," one guard answered.

Another guard got off his horse. He was tall. Beth noticed that his nose seemed too small for his face. His ears were also very small. The man hurried to Stephen.

Beth now looked at Stephen carefully. His bright-red uniform was smeared with dirt. His white tights were pocked with holes. His cherry-red beret had fallen somewhere.

"What happened?" The new guard's eyes crinkled with concern.

"A little tussle with a wagon wheel, 'tis all, Ross," Stephen said. "This wee mite of a lass saved me from the boar."

Beth felt her cheeks warm as if she were too near a campfire. "You would have done the same for me," she said.

Stephen asked Ross to find the gray mare and then fix the wagon. Ross bowed and left them.

At the same time, Amelia came near. The white bird of prey had a hood that covered its eyes. A leather strap was tied to the bird's leg. The strap kept the falcon tethered to Amelia's hand.

Amelia's voice broke the happy mood. "Now, aren't you two fast friends. I hear that the boar almost gored you. Not even I would want that to happen to you."

Stephen pushed off the wagon with his arms to stand. He had to put his weight on his good leg. He managed an awkward bow. "Thank you kindly, milady," Stephen replied. "'Tis an honor to befriend any friend of yours." He flashed a smile that made him look even more like Whit.

Amelia leaned forward. Her nose was only inches from Stephen's. "You look familiar," she said. "If you had a mustache and glasses—"

Beth interrupted. "Tell me about the bird," she said. She didn't want Amelia talking about the Whittakers. Saying that

surname could bring trouble to Stephen.

Amelia shrugged. “It’s a falcon. The king gave him to me. He catches mice and rabbits and fish. I suppose that could come in handy.”

Stephen reached over and stroked the raptor’s back. “This hunter is a she. Her name is Frost. She was hatched in January, which is rare. I brought her to be a gift to Queen Anne. Her family crest is the falcon.”

“Queen Anne? Anne Boleyn?”

Stephen said, “Anne Boleyn is arriving at Sudeley Castle tomorrow. Her ladies-in-waiting are coming too.”

Amelia’s expression changed. Beth called that look Amelia’s plotting mode.

“So this bird belongs to you,” Amelia said to Stephen. “Henry had no right to give it to me. Here, take it back!” She held out her arm.

Beth glanced over at the king. He was picking flowers in the shade. Several of the hounds surrounded him.

Stephen put up his hands in protest. “No, milady, the King is within his rights. I am caretaker for the falcons. That much is true. But all the birds I raise belong to His Majesty. He is free to give the bird to you.”

“Speaking of ‘His Majesty,’ here he comes now.” Beth motioned with her head.

Stephen and Amelia turned to watch. Three dogs bounded in first. They licked Stephen’s hand and settled at his feet.

The king carried a fistful of yellow primroses. He strode right up to Amelia. Henry smiled directly at her. It was as if she were the only person there. “For the beautiful and wise Lady Amelia.” He held out the flowers as an offering.

Amelia didn’t reach for them. She gave Henry a sideways glance. “Perhaps they would look nicer in my hair.”

Beth groaned inside. She knew some teen girls who acted like this around cute boys.

The king grinned even wider. Beth thought his cheeks might split open. He plucked one yellow stem. He gently placed it behind Amelia’s ear. “You smell even sweeter than the flowers,” the king whispered.

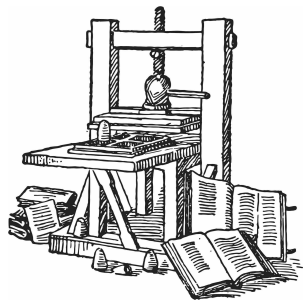
This flirting was too much. Beth wriggled between the king and Amelia. She said to the king, “I think Queen Anne, your *wife*, might like some flowers too.”

The king seemed startled at the mention of Anne. He took a step back from Amelia. He rose to his full height, which was more than six feet tall. He was muscular and had a knife on his thick leather belt.

The king glared at Beth. His blue eyes were filled with icy anger. “And who is this upstart who speaks thusly to a king? I have put fools like you to death for lesser offenses.” He put his hand on the hilt of the knife.

Beth gulped. She had been foolish. She was an elementary-school kid who had just challenged the king of England!

The Maze



"Stop! Come back!"

The warning calls came too late.

Patrick watched as William Tyndale stepped onto the main road. The sun shined on his charcoal cloak for just a moment. Then several men in gold tunics appeared. Two men grabbed William's arms.

Harry shouted, "There's another Reformer for you! This way!" The law student turned and lunged at Patrick.

Patrick zigzagged as if avoiding a soccer opponent.

Harry rushed at Patrick again, but the man's foot caught on a cobblestone. He fell face down into a pile of rotting corncobs.

Suddenly Peter was at Patrick's side. "Come with me," he said.

"You followed us," Patrick said. "You shouted the warning."

"Of course," Peter said. "Now hurry."

Peter yanked Patrick's arm, and off the boys ran.

At the second corner, Patrick turned. He looked back.

Three men in gold tunics and knee-high boots were running after them. The red feathers in their brown hats bobbed with each step the men took.

“We’re being followed,” Patrick said. “Let’s go to your house.”

“Yes!” Peter said. “We shall lock the door and then hide Mr. Tyndale’s papers! Run!”

The boys turned two more corners. They were much faster than the middle-aged guards.

Suddenly the Poyntz girls bolted out of a connecting alley. “Some of the emperor’s guardsmen are already inside our house,” Addie said. “They do seek Mr. Tyndale’s papers.”

Patrick gasped. All that work gone! He turned pale.

Margaret giggled. “Fear not,” she said. “Mother hid them under the potatoes in the root cellar.”

Addie looked to her older brother and Patrick. “Where should we go?”

Patrick needed help. “What about the print shop? Mert will hide me.”

“Aye. But let us not tarry,” Peter said. “The men will soon be upon us.”

The children ran again. Patrick had thought Margaret would slow them down. But her little legs whirled with effort.

She wasn't far behind.

Patrick stopped at the shop's back door. He twisted the doorknob. It was locked. He pounded on the door.

"No one is there," Peter said.

Addie was keeping a lookout for the men in gold tunics. She said, "They do approach. We must shake them off."

Patrick wished Whit would come back. He needed him most right now. Then he got an idea. He said, "Does your friend Mr. Whittaker live near here? Can we go there?"

"His house is all closed up." Margaret sounded upset again. "We haven't seen him in a while."

"Can we check there?" Patrick asked.

"'Tis our only chance," Peter said. "This way."

Peter led them out of the alley. It was brighter and cleaner on the wider street, but Patrick thought the soldiers could spot the children more easily.

He noticed there were few windows. If a shop had them, they were small and high. The children passed the open doors of a bakery and a bookstore. They whizzed by shops that sold wine or jewelry or spices.

Patrick paused in front of a drapery store on a corner spot. He looked inside. Large bolts of fabric lay on tables. They made a solid wall in the back of the shop.

"Quickly, let's hide in here!" he called to the Poyntz children. He slipped inside the door.

Addie, Peter, and Margaret followed. All four children ducked behind the mounds of cloth.

The shop's clerk was in the back helping a woman buy fabric. The translation earbud let Patrick understand their conversation. The lady was a merchant's wife. She needed some velvet to cover her chairs. She seemed picky about the shade of orange. Patrick hoped the clerk wouldn't notice them.

"Margaret," Peter said, "you are the smallest. The guards probably did not see you. Will you please hide near the door and peek outside? Let us know when the emperor's soldiers pass by."

Margaret nodded several times. She took her job seriously.

She crouched behind the open door. She peered through the crack between the wall and the door.

Patrick peeked under the table. He watched Margaret as she kept a lookout.

Several minutes passed.

The customer left after ordering pumpkin-colored velvet. The clerk began putting bolts of fabric back on a nearby table.

Suddenly Margaret turned around. Her eyes bulged like ping-pong balls. She mouthed something, but Patrick didn't understand.

Then he saw the light-brown boots of three soldiers step inside the fabric store.

Patrick's heart pounded. All the air emptied out of his lungs. Time stood still.

Addie closed her eyes. Her mouth moved silently in prayer.

Patrick prayed to God for help.

Footsteps moved toward the front of the shop.

"Doth the emperor require fabric?" It was the clerk. He added, "'Twould bring me pleasure to assist you on his behalf."

"No, no," one soldier said. "We seek criminals. Children."

"No criminals here," the clerk said. "Be off. Or you shall frighten my customers."

Patrick heard the soldiers in gold tunics leave. One of them grumbled, "Let us go different ways. You search the bookstall while I look in the wine shop. They could not have gone far."

Patrick finally relaxed. He sucked in air. Margaret was the first to move. She rushed toward the clerk. She hugged his leg. "Thank you, Mr. De Smet."

Peter came out from behind the table next. "You lied for us!" he said.

The clerk shook his head. "There be no criminals here. Only the Poyntz children and their new friend."

Addie stood next to Patrick. She was still praying.

"We're safe," Patrick said to her. "You can stop praying."

She opened her eyes. Her expression seemed perplexed. "I

was thanking God that the mean soldiers left us alone. Aren't we supposed to always be giving thanks?"

Patrick felt a flush of embarrassment creep up his neck. "You're right," he said. "I forget to do that. Thanks for the reminder."

He and Addie then came out from behind the fabric bolts.

Mr. De Smet said, "I've heard of you, young Patrick. Mert and the other printers say you're a boy genius."

Patrick lifted his palms in protest. "No," he said. "Mr. Whittaker is the genius."

That reminded Patrick about finding Mr. Whittaker. "We need to leave now, Mr. De Smet. Thanks again for your help."

"Anything for the Reformers," the clerk said. "I hope we'll meet again. And soon."

Margaret went out of the shop first. Then she waved the others out. "All's clear," she said. Peter, Addie, and Patrick left the shop and walked quickly down the street.

They soon came to a large stone house on a corner. It had two turrets, and the front entrance was a gate. These features made it look like a small castle.

Looks a little bit like Whit's End in Odyssey, Patrick thought.

Peter shook the gate. "It's locked."

"I told you it was closed," Margaret said. She kicked one of the iron bars. "No one listens to me."

"You'd better listen to *me* now," Addie said. "They're coming!"

Patrick turned. Four men were approaching the stone house. Three of them were in gold tunics and hats with red feathers. The fourth man was too far away for his face to be seen.

One of the emperor's soldiers shouted, "There go the children!"

Addie said, "We have been here before. We should go to the garden, fast. We can hide in the maze." She started to run.

Peter grabbed Margaret's wrist. The two Poyntzes followed Addie.

Patrick paused to take another look at the group of men. This time he recognized the fourth man's face. And his

courage nearly failed him.

Addie called to Patrick from the maze's entrance. An arched beech tree marked the entrance. "Are you coming or not?" she shouted.

Patrick ran as quickly as he could. He passed under the beech. The maze walls were made of boxwood bushes. They stood about six feet high and were trimmed neatly. The pathway was barely two feet wide. It seemed to be made for children, not adults.

Addie ran. She practically flew through the twists and turns. Patrick had a difficult time keeping up with the Poyntz children.

He heard the men follow them into the maze.

"There they go! Turn right." It was Harry Phillips's voice.

Patrick's heart sank. Harry was tall enough to see over the hedge.

Patrick heard two of the men yelling. But their angry Flemish words sounded like static. Patrick guessed that the earbud wouldn't translate cursing.

Addie led them through a dozen zigs and zags. Finally, the children arrived at a pond.

Addie said, "This is where we lose them. Only one exit leads to the door."

Patrick looked at the pond. It was stocked with large fish. A couple of them swam near the water's surface. "What kind of fish are those?"

"Don't ask that," Margaret said, "or Addie will tell you all about the pike perch and bass."

"We don't have time for a fishing lecture," Peter said. "Which way, Addie?"

Addie turned right and entered a very narrow path. The bushes pinched Patrick's shoulders. It didn't seem like a path at all.

But suddenly they were at a dead end.

"There used to be a door right there," Addie said. "It's gone. It's a wall now."

"You went down the wrong path," Margaret said.

"I didn't," Addie said. "I used to fish here every day. You

know that."

"Well, we can't climb out," Peter said. "The wall is too high."

Harry's voice came from several rows over. "Give me a boost!" he ordered. Suddenly the traitor's head popped over one of the bushes. A lump of corn was smeared on his cheek.

"There you are!" Harry said. "You're trapped! It's only a matter of time before you'll be locked up in a deep, dark dungeon. It's what you and that traitor William Tyndale deserve."

The words *deep* and *dark* reminded Patrick of his first adventure in England. He remembered a secret room in the back of a deep, dark cave.

Patrick pushed on the bricks one by one.

"What are you doing?" Peter asked.

"Looking for a way in. I bet there's a secret entrance."

"Mr. Whittaker wanted to make this a fortress," Peter said. "He wouldn't leave a way in for the enemy."

"But he would make a way for a friend," Patrick said. "Help me."

"I don't know a way out of the maze except this one," Addie said. "Let's give it a try."

It was Margaret who found the clue. Her small fingers loosened a stone near the ground. She pulled it out.

"There's a funny shape where the stone was," she said.

Patrick squatted and looked at it. It was the shape of a shield. He took the shield trinket out of his pocket. It was the exact same shape and size.

He pushed the gold shield onto the shape behind the stone.

He heard a click. He put the gold shield back in his pocket. "Peter, help me push," Patrick said.

The boys threw their shoulders against the wall. It creaked and groaned, but it cracked open.

"It's the same door, just with stones above it now," Addie said.

"And a secret key," Margaret said. She was small enough to get in quickly.

Peter and Patrick pushed harder. The door opened farther. Addie slipped inside next. Then Patrick. Peter turned sideways and pushed his way through. One of the buttons on his shirt popped off.

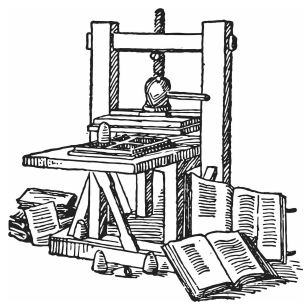
Harry shouted, “There they are! They’re going inside.” He and the three men were fighting the boxwood only ten feet away. The four of them were so large that the bushes scratched and tore at their clothes.

Peter and Patrick pushed on the door. It was closing slowly. Addie and Margaret placed their hands on the door too.

Together, all four forced the door closed until it clicked and locked.

Patrick heard more static in his earbuds. The soldiers and Harry were very angry indeed.

To Sudeley Castle



The dogs whined. They could tell their master, the king, was upset.

Beth looked at Stephen. His expression said he couldn't help her.

Maybe the king was joking. No one really had people killed for so little reason. All she had done was mention Queen Anne.

She looked into Henry's eyes again. But there was no humor in them. He still had a chilly glare.

Beth looked to Amelia for help. Her Imagination Station companion smirked.

"Oh, Henry," Amelia said, waving a hand, "if you lop off her head, I'll have no lady's maid. How will I care for my hair that you like so much?"

The king crossed his arms and turned his back on Beth. He said, "Let me not see her again then. Keep her out of my sight!"

"Very well," Amelia said to Beth. "Go to Sudeley Castle and wait in my chambers."

Chambers?

"Ummm," Beth whispered, "how will I know which rooms are your chambers?"

"Choose the east rooms overlooking the garden," Amelia said. "They have the best view and will be warmer in the morning."

Stephen took hold of Raven's reins. He said, "Good choice, milady. I will escort your maid to the castle. And I will return Frost to her perch at the mews."

"Of course," Amelia said. "I certainly don't want to feed it dead rodents or fish." She held out her arm. Stephen transferred the glove and Frost to his own arm.

He bowed and led Beth and Raven away.

Stephen limped only slightly. They walked away from the king, deeper into the woods.

"That was close," Stephen said. "But thank you for defending Queen Anne. They have been married two and a half years. But already the King pursues other women."

That made Beth feel sad. Married people should be loyal to each other. "Do Anne and Henry have children?" she asked.

Stephen answered, "Only one. Sadly, a daughter. Her name is Elizabeth—perhaps like yours? She has red hair like her father."

Now it was Beth whose eyes flashed with anger. "Why 'sadly' a daughter? What's wrong with girls?"

"Nothing! I highly approve of girls!" Stephen laughed. "But blame it on Henry. He really wants a son to be king after him. His first wife, Catherine of Aragon, had only one child too. A girl."

Just then Raven nickered.

"Ah!" Stephen said. "Here is the mare come back to us."

Ross came walking through the woods, leading the mare. The mare looked fine after her adventure.

Stephen thanked him. Then he told Ross to care for Henry's hounds.

Beth got on the mare, using a rock as a step stool. Stephen mounted Raven, and he led the way to Sudeley Castle.

On the ride through the woods Beth did some thinking.

She wondered, *Is my mission to brush Amelia's hair in the morning?* She shook her head. She knew Whit had something more important for her. And that something was at Sudeley Castle.

Margaret wailed, "'Tis so dark in here!"

"Seek the stairs," Peter said. "Then find the library. It has some windows."

"There's a library here?" Patrick was thinking about Whit's End in Odyssey. The library was on the top floor there, too.

"Yes," Addie said. "Mr. Whittaker would teach us stories from the Bible. He uses pictures and puppets of Bible characters. My favorite story is when the disciples catch a lot of fish."

"Follow me," Peter said. He took hold of Addie's hand. Addie took hold of Margaret's hand. And Margaret grabbed Patrick's hand. Peter led them to the spiral staircase. They climbed to the top floor.

Patrick was glad that light shined in from windows high on the walls.

Peter took them to the right. They entered a room with beautiful paintings hanging on the walls. Each one was in a gold-colored frame. Each painting showed a Bible story. One showed Adam and Eve in the garden of Eden. Another showed Jesus carrying His cross up a hill.

And there was a man in the room.

The man looked a lot like Whit, but he was wearing sixteenth-century clothes. His white shirt had ruffles at the neck. His jacket had puffy sleeves.

He sat at a slanted desk just like Mr. Tyndale's. Two candles were burning to give him enough light to read.

Patrick stayed back. He felt he needed to be patient.

But Margaret rushed to him. "Mr. Whittaker! Mr. Whittaker! You came out of hiding."

Whit hugged her and whispered in her ear.

She nodded and stood quietly near Whit. Next Addie

received a hug and a whispered message.

Then Peter shook Whit's hand. The oldest Poyntz child also received a message. But this time Whit didn't whisper. He handed Peter a piece of paper. The boy read it, folded it, and then put it in his pocket.

Finally, Whit motioned for Patrick to come near.

Patrick approached Whit. There was a book open on the wooden top of the desk. It looked like a Bible, and it was open to the book of Joshua.

Does Whit have a copy of the completed Old Testament? Patrick wondered.

Whit patted Patrick on the back. "Good job," he said. "You got the Poyntz children here safely."

"We all looked out for one another," Patrick said. "Margaret helped the most. She found the loose stone in the wall."

Margaret beamed with pride.

"The Poyntz children are going to visit William," Whit said. "He's already locked in a castle dungeon not far from here."

Patrick's heart swelled with sorrow. "I want to see Mr. Tyndale one last time. Why can't I go with them?"

"Because I'm sending you to England," Whit said.

"What can I do there?" Patrick asked. "I belong here with the Poyntz family and William."

"Beth needs your help with her mission," Whit said. "Amelia is there and is up to her usual trouble. The Whittaker family has roots in England."

"So if I don't go, you might never be born?" Patrick asked. He thought that would be a strange adventure in the Imagination Station.

Whit's eyes twinkled. "Maybe. But you *are* going. I trust you. I'll see you back in Odyssey."

Patrick looked at Addie, Margaret, and Peter. They had become friends after a rocky start. He shook Peter's hand, and he hugged the girls.

"Farewell," Patrick said. "Tell Mr. Tyndale that God is with him no matter where he is. He has to be strong and have

hazaq. That's Hebrew for 'courage.'"

"I will," Addie said. "It's from Joshua chapter 1, verse 9."

That girl is smart, Patrick thought. *Beth would like her.*

Patrick heard a familiar rumble. The Model T Imagination Station appeared.

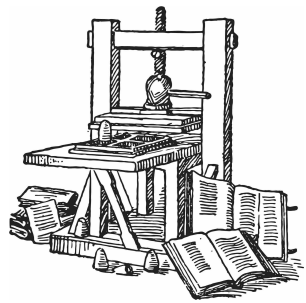
"Have a great adventure," Peter said.

Margaret wailed. "Mr. Whittaker, why can't we go too?"

Patrick looked at Whit. He had a million questions now about the Poyntz children.

Whit winked at him. "Did you think you and Beth were the only children to have these kinds of special adventures?"

Molly



That night, Beth stayed in the east wing's chambers. She lit some logs in the fireplace to give her cheer. Everyone else was at the feast at Sudeley Castle.

She was a little glad that King Henry VIII had banished her. She didn't think she could eat the meat from the boar. And she didn't want to see Henry and Amelia. They would be making goo-goo eyes at each other.

But she did want to hear the music and see the dancers in the great hall. Most of all, she wanted to see Stephen and James. But she had to stay in the chambers.

Knock, knock, knock. Someone was there to see her.

Beth pulled on the large, brass door handle. The tall, wooden door swung inward.

"Greetings," James said.

"Greetings to you, too," Beth said. "Isn't there a hunting party going on? Shouldn't you be there?"

"I shall go presently. But first I have something for you. I have kept it safe all these years. It shall be our secret."

James handed her a piece of plain, white cloth. Something

was wrapped up inside it.

Beth opened it. “The broken remote! It got ruined in our earlier adventure.”

“You may have wit enough to repair it,” James said.

Beth looked at the jumble of springs and wires. She couldn’t fix it, but Amelia probably could if she got her hands on it. Beth wrapped the remote back up. She had to hide the broken device from the scientist.

She went to her small servant’s room. She slipped the cloth package underneath her mattress.

“The servants need aid in the kitchen,” James said. “The King will never come there. It would be a safe place for you.”

“I’d like that,” Beth said.

James led her down a narrow staircase. The stairs were uneven, and each tread creaked with her steps. The staircase led to the vast kitchen.

It was filled with people, tables, and several brick ovens and fireplaces. Iron pots and pans hung from a rack on the ceiling.

Thin, mangy cats lazed around the fires. Beth guessed they were looking for mice or dropped scraps of food.

James stopped at a long table. It had bowls of sugar, spices, plums, strawberries, and cherries. There were also finished desserts: wafers, gingerbread, sugar cookies, and custard tarts. A young woman in a white apron sat at a bench. She smiled at Beth.

“I need to offer the King my service,” James said to Beth. “But Molly will care for you.”

Molly’s brown hair curled around her dimpled cheeks. She showed Beth how to fill small tart crusts. They stuffed the tarts with the plums, strawberries, and cherries. Molly sprinkled sugar, ground ginger, and cinnamon on top. Beth thought the tarts looked delicious.

Other servants milled around. Beth overheard them laughing about Lady Amelia. “She is setting her sights on the King,” one said. “But he’ll have a new lady friend on the morrow.”

But Molly and Beth stayed together and tried not to listen.

They talked of more pleasant things.

"Plum pudding is King Henry's favorite dessert," Molly said. "But it's the wrong season for that. He shall have to choose something else."

"What's your favorite of all these?" Beth asked Molly. She swept her arm to point out all the desserts on the table.

Another worker picked up a tray of wafers and took them out.

Molly filled a tart crust with strawberries.

"My favorite is a plain sugar drop," Molly said. "They are really just egg whites and sugar. Then I use a press to make the little flowers. I make them for Yeoman Stephen White. They make him the happiest, so 'tis why I like them so much."

"Does sharing cookies mean you are 'sweet' on each other?" Beth asked.

Molly laughed at Beth's little joke. "Yes," she said. "We are to be wed in September." Molly stopped her work. She took Beth's hands in hers. "I want to thank you. You were so brave to fight off the boar. Stephen told me all about it."

Beth thought over the event. "Well," she said, "it was my fault he was even there. And then *he* saved *me*!"

"I am still thankful," Molly said. "May I teach you the prayer Stephen and I pray together? It's from the English New Testament."

Beth nodded. The two women kept holding hands and closed their eyes.

Molly said, "Our Father which art in heaven, hallowed be thy name. Thy kingdom come, thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil: For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever. Amen."

"Who taught you that prayer?" a voice said from behind them.

Beth dropped Molly's hands and turned around. A man in white robes stood next to the table. His hat was white with gold trim and shaped like a tall beehive.

Three of the king's guards were with him. Beth had seen

one of them at the hunting grounds. It was Ross, who had fixed the wagon and found the mare.

The man in white was holding a small book with a light-tan leather cover.

Beth recognized it as one of William Tyndale's New Testaments.

Molly stood and gave a little bow to the old man. "Bishop Wakeman," she said. "What an honor."

"I asked who taught you that prayer," the bishop said.

Molly kept her head lowered. She stayed calm. "I can read a little. I learned it myself, my lord."

The bishop smirked. He opened the Bible and held it in front of Molly. He pointed to a verse. "Read this," he said.

Molly lowered her head even more. Beth saw a tear sprout from the corner of her new friend's eye. "I still need a bit of help with some of the letters," Molly said.

"I'd be surprised if you can spell *cat*," he said.

Beth stood. "*C-A-T*," she said. "I can read. And I know at least twenty Bible verses by heart. In English. What's wrong with that?"

The bishop looked to the ceiling as if appealing to God Himself.

"What am I to do with such a flock of evildoers! They disobey the head of the church!" the bishop cried, lifting his arms. "It has been said that you"—he motioned to Beth—"left this Bible in a wagon earlier today. One of the King's Guard brought it to me. I came here to question you for myself."

Ross looked at the ground. He thumbed his small nose and shifted his feet awkwardly. He seemed to be nervous.

The snitch, Beth thought.

Bishop Wakeman waved the Tyndale New Testament.

"What's going on in this castle?" he shouted at Molly. "I won't have any Reformers in our county. We must cleanse the district of rebels."

The servants and cats ran away from the angry bishop. Beth even saw a mouse scurry away to its hole.

"'Tis not her fault she had the book," Molly said calmly. "This girl is innocent."

Beth's mouth turned dry. She tried to speak, but her tongue stuck to the roof of her mouth.

"I have need to speak to Lady Amelia. She must watch you with greater care," the bishop said to Beth. "You shall remain in the castle dungeon till I discover who gave you this New Testament." He shook it at Beth. Then he looked at Molly. "And you'll tell me who is teaching you the Bible in English. Until you do, you'll be locked in the dungeon with her."

He took three steps and turned. He pointed a long, bony finger at the girls. "Remember, the stake and the fire await all Reformers—men, women, and children alike!"

Molly reached and took Beth's hand. "It'll be all right." Molly's voice was confident and full of hope. "God will protect us."

The Model T Imagination Station brought Patrick to a cave.

He stepped out, and the machine faded.

An eerie feeling enveloped him. He'd been here before, in this very spot. But things were slightly different. It smelled even mustier than before.

A thin beam of sunlight showed through a thick knot of vines.

That's the entrance, he remembered.

Patrick moved to the dangling plants and parted them. It was morning. The sun was rising and cast a yellow glow over the farmlands.

Old and dark woods were on his left.

Just ten feet away on the road was a man. He had a mop of curly, gray hair. He was lifting a crate into a wagon. A heap of barley stalks lay on the ground.

"Hello," Patrick said. "I'm looking for a girl named Beth. Have you seen her?"

The man dropped the crate. He spun around.

Patrick held his hand in the air just below his forehead. "She's about this tall, and she has brown hair."

"Patrick!" the man cried. "You are long awaited."

The man rushed toward Patrick with open arms.

Patrick stepped back. He didn't recognize this man. "How do you know me?"

The man let his arms fall. "'Tis a fair question. My name is James. I was a youth the last time you saw me. You helped us during a jousting match."

Patrick asked questions about the other people he'd known. James answered them all. He also told him about King Henry VIII.

"That's the king who wanted a divorce," Patrick said. "But the Catholic leaders said no. I heard about him."

Patrick wondered why Whit had sent him to England. "Where's Beth?" he asked. "Mr. Whittaker said she was in trouble."

"Let not your heart be troubled," James said. "King Henry protected her. But now she has to stay under house arrest. She can't leave the east wing of the castle. And she still has to serve Lady Amelia."

House arrest. Castle. *Lady* Amelia.

"Protect Beth from what?" Patrick was feeling uneasy.

James gulped. "I should have held my tongue."

"But you didn't," Patrick said.

James wrung his hands. "There be a chance she could go to prison or worse . . . but really, she shall be fine. Lady Amelia is her protector."

That news didn't make Patrick feel any better. Amelia couldn't be trusted. "What did Beth do?"

"'Tis more of a question of what *I* did," James said. He reached down to the crate. He picked up a book and held it out to Patrick.

"I gifted her one of these," James said. "And having one is against the law."

Patrick knew from his time in Belgium what that meant.

James added, "She left one of these where it was seen. One of King Henry's guards turned her in."

Patrick peered into the crate. "You're a Reformer then? Aren't *you* worried about breaking the law?"

"No. I choose to follow God's law," James said, "not the bishop's. But it would be safer if I burned all these New

Testaments."

Patrick thought about William Tyndale in prison. He thought about the good merchants who had paid for the printings. "Don't burn them. Let's make sure all these New Testaments are read by farmers and shopkeepers. And their children as well. William Tyndale would like that."

James opened his arms again. He gave Patrick a bear hug.

Afterward, James said, "The wagon is almost loaded." He lightly kicked the crate. "This be the last box."

Patrick helped James lift the crate of Bibles into the wagon.

James covered the crates with the barley stalks.

They climbed onto the driver's bench. James took the reins and gave a flick. The gray mare's hooves plodded along the road toward the castle.

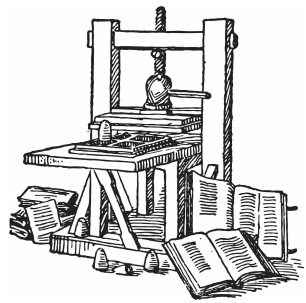
A falcon flew overhead. Its white feathers blended with the white of the clouds.

Ker-eeera! Ker-eeera!

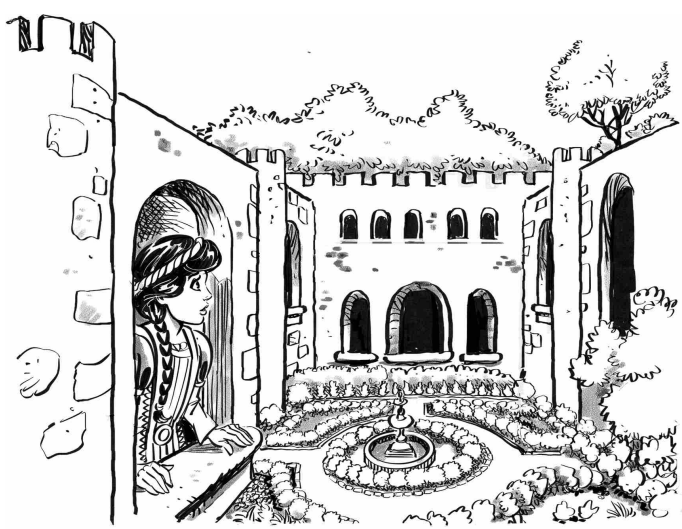
The earbud translated: *Find the lass. Find the lass.*

13

Not a Good King



Beth stood in the east wing's chambers at the window. The garden below looked lovely in the morning sunlight. She was thankful that the bishop had changed his mind. She didn't have to stay in the castle dungeon. "Lady" Amelia had convinced the king to tell the bishop to let Beth stay with her.



But Molly wasn't as lucky. Ross and the other two guards had locked her in the west tower dungeon. She would stay there till she confessed. The bishop wanted to know who had taught her the Lord's Prayer.

Beth knew that saving Molly was her mission. But how could she help her new friend escape?

Beth watched a white falcon shift its wings on the wind. She wondered if the bird was Frost.

A young woman caught Beth's attention. The woman entered the garden and sniffed some white flowers. An arched headdress covered her head. She wore a dark-green velvet dress. Beth could see jewels embedded in the fabric.

Amelia appeared at Beth's side. The scientist pressed her nose against the window.

"That is most definitely Anne Boleyn," Amelia said. "Her portraits show her wearing that French hood."

Sadness washed over Beth as she remembered Stephen's story. "Does Henry really have her head chopped off?"

"Of course," Amelia said. "He divorces two wives and beheads two more."

Four? That's a lot of wives, Beth thought, feeling surprised.

"And want to know what else?" Amelia asked.

Beth didn't. With Amelia, sometimes knowing more was bad. Beth shook her head.

Amelia went on anyway. "*This* castle will be the home of Henry's sixth wife after he dies."

"Sixth?" Beth said. She was surprised again. Six wives is indeed *a lot*.

Amelia continued, "Catherine Parr marries the brother of King Henry's third wife, Jane. Catherine will die in that bed over there, just days after having a baby girl."

Beth turned and looked at the large bed. The wooden canopy posts had flowers and birds carved into them. Sheer white fabric hung from the canopy. The fluffy, white-silk comforters and pillows made the bed look as soft as a bag of marshmallows.

Before, Beth had imagined it was a tent for a princess. Now the bed reminded her of a coffin. Amelia could ruin

anything good.

"How do you know all this very sad history?" Beth asked.

"I studied British history at Oxford," Amelia said. "I took tours of castles around England on the weekends. King Henry's family is mentioned at almost every castle. And there's lots and lots of gossip about Anne Boleyn."

"I heard gossip about you in the kitchen last night," Beth said. "Why are you 'setting your sights' on King Henry? He's married."

Amelia laughed. "Grow up, you prissy child! Every pretty woman in England flirted with King Henry. It means nothing. It's just a little fun."

Beth didn't think breaking up a marriage sounded fun. It sounded *wrong*.

"I bet all that flirting means something to Queen Anne," Beth said. "I wish you'd stop."

"And I wish you'd stop nagging me," Amelia said. "Remember, you're only safe because I need someone to comb my hair." She flicked her double-coned headdress.

"King Henry likes me," Amelia added. "Because of that, he told Bishop Wakeman to set you free." Amelia waved her hand at Beth as if she were swatting a fly.

A new piece of green jewelry on Amelia's wrist caught Beth's eyes.

"Did the king give you those emeralds?" Beth asked.

Amelia lifted her wrist toward the window. The morning sun lit up the jewels. They sparkled. "Of course," Amelia said. "But don't tell Queen Anne."

Amelia looked out the window again. Then a scowl transformed her face.

"What is it?" Beth said.

"Future wife number three is here." Amelia practically spat the words. "Henry will fall in love with her soon."

Beth looked out the window. Two more women had joined Queen Anne in the garden. One had blonde hair. She wore a peacock-blue dress. The other was an older woman in a rust-colored dress and a black cape.

"Wife number three is the thin woman in blue," Beth said.

“She must be one of the queen’s ladies-in-waiting.”

“As I said before, her name is Jane.” Amelia looked away from the window. “Go get the hairbrush. You need to fix my headdress. I have to look my very best. I need to keep Henry’s attention away from Jane.”

Beth groaned. She knew Amelia would never give up flirting with King Henry.

James stopped the wagon near a turret. It was on the west side of the castle. Patrick shivered because the small tower blocked the morning sun. It looked creepy.

“Behold, the dungeon keep,” James said. “Here the New Testaments are stored in secret. Then a few faithful servants will carry them to market. Some give them away. Others sell them to merchants. And the merchants take them to London.”

“What does the bishop of London do about that?” Patrick asked.

James hopped off the driver’s seat. “He arrests people and locks them in dungeons. Some he has even put to death.”

Patrick admired the bravery of James and the other Reformers.

Patrick climbed out of the wagon, thinking about William Tyndale. He petted the gray mare’s mane. “Do any of the Reformers get out of prison?”

“A few,” James said, “if someone of wealth and power lends them aid.”

James lifted a crate out of the wagon. “Pray drag this to the castle gate. That would be so kind.” He set the crate at Patrick’s feet.

The gate was a metal grate built into the wall. It was small, the size a child Margaret’s age would use.

He suddenly missed the Poyntz family. He missed William Tyndale. He imagined the scholar locked in a castle like this one. He would be cold, lonely, and without his books.

“Are there any people of wealth and power at this castle?” Patrick asked.

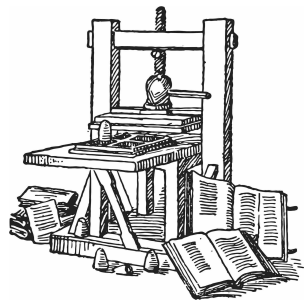
James laughed. “None but the richest and mightiest

person in England."

"Who?"

"King Henry the Eighth."

The Plan



Beth held the silver-handled hairbrush. She was done helping Amelia for the morning.

The large headdress sat on the scientist's head. It looked like two pointed party hats that had slipped. *Or like devil horns,* Beth thought. It was a one-of-a-kind headdress. But overall Beth was pleased with the finished look.

"Toodle-oo," Amelia said. "I'm off to meet Henry. The royal hunting party is setting out again."

Beth set the hairbrush down with a thud. "Are you hunting an animal or the king?"

"Ha ha *ha!*" Amelia said. "You're a laugh a minute. So what if I'm 'hunting' the king? Anne doesn't like the event. Neither does Jane. I'll have Henry all to myself for the day."

"You along with his entire guard. Oh, and all the male staff of the castle," Beth said.

Amelia didn't seem to care what Beth said. She left with a regal lift to her chin. She closed the chamber door with a bang.

Beth cleaned up the room. She straightened her small

bedcovers. She checked to make sure the broken remote was still there. She reached a hand under the mattress and felt the bundle wrapped in cloth. Then she made up the white bed with the canopy.

Beth heard a soft knock thirty seconds later. Her heart skipped a beat. Henry and Amelia were leaving. Beth was unprotected. *Is Bishop Wakeman coming to drag me to the dungeon?* she wondered.

The knocking turned more urgent, but it was still soft. *Tap, tap, tap.*

Beth cracked open the door. She peeked into the hallway.

It was Stephen in full uniform. His left arm was cocked at an angle. Frost sat on the leather glove.

Beth and Stephen greeted each other. Beth ran a finger down Frost's soft chest feathers.

"Are you hunting today?" Beth asked.

"Verily, I am sound enough to fly falcon," he said. "But I shall not tangle with another boar nor an enraged bear. My leg doth hurt."

Stephen looked left and right down the hallway. He lowered his head. "Are you without company?"

Beth nodded.

"Make your way to the dungeon keep," he said. "Molly has need of you."

Finally! She could get on with her mission from Whit.

"What am I to do?" Beth studied Stephen's face, waiting for directions.

Suddenly a door opened farther down the hallway. A woman in a blue dress entered the corridor. Beth saw Jane—future third wife of King Henry VIII. She was holding a large box.

"Yeoman," she called to Stephen.

He turned around.

"Will you please carry this to Queen Anne?" Jane's voice was sweet and childlike. "She has need of this hat case presently."

Stephen answered, "Yes, milady. I'm at your command." Then he spun back around to face Beth. He whispered,

“Capture mice, and save them alive. Find the west dungeon. You will follow on from there.”

Then the yeoman of the guard turned. He walked quickly toward Jane.

Beth wondered, *Catch mice? How can that be my mission?*

Patrick dragged the crate of New Testaments toward the castle.

James unlocked the metal gate.

Patrick peered into the hole. It was a dark, long tunnel about four feet high. It was dotted with animal droppings and leaves. The molted skin of a snake lay three feet in. An orange cat blinked. Then it hissed at him and ran back inside the tunnel.

James took the barley out of the wagon and laid it inside the tunnel. “This will protect the bottoms of the crates from filth,” he said.

“Can I meet King Henry?” Patrick asked James.

“No. His Majesty is not holding court. He’s on summer progress. Only certain people with authority may seek his counsel.”

“What if I sneak into his bedchamber and ask nicely?” Patrick asked.

“What if you get your head separated from your body?” James made a slicing motion across his neck.

After that, Patrick was silent. They worked quickly to fill the tunnel with the crates. Patrick fitted the small New Testaments in the crates so they were full. He removed one empty crate.

Suddenly a familiar voice called out from inside the tunnel, “Hey! Catch that little critter!”

Patrick looked down. A gray mouse darted out of the tunnel.

He slammed the empty crate over it. “Gotcha!”

“Is that you, Patrick?” Beth shouted. “I can’t see clearly. The crates are in the way.”

She heard Patrick shout back, “Yes! Hello, Beth!”

James’s voice also wafted into the tunnel. “Meet us in the kitchen!” he shouted.

“Okay,” Beth said. “But save that mouse!”

Beth turned around in the tunnel. She hunched her back a little to stay low.

She came to the narrow servants’ hallway and traveled to the kitchen. She knew she would have to wait for James and Patrick. It would take several minutes for them to come all the way around the castle.

She put on an apron and helped the other women slice fruit and vegetables.

A cat chased a mouse across the stone floor.

“Why would Stephen want me to catch mice?” Beth asked an older woman.

She laughed, showing crooked, chipped teeth. “It’s not Stephen that be needing the wee creatures. Would be Molly.”

Beth shuddered. She imagined Molly starving, having to catch her own food. *Could Molly kill and eat a little mouse?* Beth wondered.

“Don’t they feed prisoners enough food?” Beth asked.

The woman laughed again at Beth’s question. She set her knife on the table and bellowed. Tears dripped from the corners of her eyes. She wiped them off with the back of her hand.

“Verily, we do feed our prisoners,” the woman said, gasping for breath. “The mice are not for her to eat.”

“Then what are the mice for?” Beth asked. “Why does Molly need them?”

“Forsooth, they be for her creature, the fair Frost,” the woman said. “Stephen may hunt with the raptors, but Molly tends to them.”

Of course! Frost will want to eat live prey, Beth thought. *But the falcon is with Stephen.*

The woman moved toward a storage cupboard. She came back with a loaf of bread made from dark flour. “This be for

the poor lass. It may seem a simple loaf, but I have squeezed some honey into it."

Beth took the loaf and thanked the kind woman.

At that moment, James came inside the kitchen. Patrick followed him, carrying a small leather pouch in one hand.

Beth greeted them. She and Patrick told each other about their adventures so far.

"My mission is to save Molly," she said.

"'Tis a worthy mission," said James. "She's to be burned at the stake on the morrow unless she doth confess who taught her to read the English Bible."

"She'll never tell!" Beth said. "She's in love with Stephen White." Beth lowered her voice to the softest of whispers. "I mean Stephen Whittaker. He's the one who taught her the Lord's Prayer in English."

Patrick said, "My friend William Tyndale will be executed too. Maybe we can save them both. James has thought of a plan."

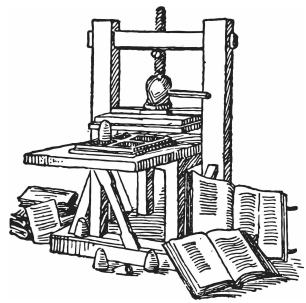
"What plan?" Beth asked.

James cleared his throat. "As steward of this castle, I can request an audience with His Majesty. He has the power to secure the release of any prisoner. I am willing to ask him."

"That's wonderful!" Beth cried. "Let's tell Molly there's hope!"

15

The Letter



Patrick felt the mouse wriggle in the leather pouch. James and Beth walked alongside him as they went to see Molly.

The corridors leading to the west tower were narrow. At some points, James had to turn sideways to get through.

Candles in wall sconces burned every ten feet or so. Their light cast eerie shadows on the wall.

James stopped them in the passageway. “The guard is named Morris,” he said. “He’s also the executioner. On the morrow, Morris shall convey Molly to the church. She shall be bound to a wooden stake. Then he shall set fire to the bundles of wood and straw.”

Beth gasped.

James said, “Maybe she shall swoon before feeling the flames.”

But that was no comfort. Patrick cupped his hands over his ears. He didn’t want to hear any more. Those awful things would happen to William Tyndale, too. He closed his eyes. He asked God to give courage to Molly and William. He asked God to make the church leaders kinder.

The three approached Molly's cell slowly. Morris wore all black clothes. His hat was wide with a flat top. He sat on a three-legged stool.

Beth showed the loaf of bread to Morris. "I've come to give this to the prisoner," Beth said.

Morris reached out a grubby hand. "I shall see that the bread is offered to the lass," he said.

Beth pulled the bread closer to her.

James said, "I do not put my trust in you, Morris. We shall ensure the bread comes to Molly."

"God forbid that I should deprive a prisoner of her last meal," Morris said. "But you cannot enter. Bishop Wakeman does pray with the prisoner presently."

Patrick leaned against the cold stone wall. He could hear muffled voices in the cell. About five minutes later, one voice got louder. Bishop Wakeman called through the metal grate in the door.

"Morris, I have need to depart," the bishop said. "The prisoner will not confess."

Morris stood and unlocked the door with a large key.

Bishop Wakeman came out. He ducked to keep his special white hat from hitting the door header.

The bishop stood straight up and looked at all of them. He seemed surprised.

"You again?" he said to Beth. "Take care that you do not provoke the King to anger. Or you shall be punished as well."

A smile suddenly tugged at his thin lips. "All the King's Guard and most of the castle guards are yonder," he said. "They will be hunting till sunset. 'Twould be a pity if the prisoner escaped today. No one would be here to give chase."

The bishop nodded to James. And then the old man walked slowly down the hall. The hem of his white robe dragged along the floor.

Morris stood and followed the bishop. "Allow me to tuck your robe, my lord bishop," he said. "It drags in the filth. That shall not be!"

Beth's eyebrow rose. She whispered when Morris was down the corridor, "Did the bishop just give us permission to

break Molly out of jail today?"

Patrick remembered his prayer. *Has God's Holy Spirit made Bishop Wakeman kinder?*

James shrugged. "It is like as not that the bishop is laying a snare. He shall seek to entrap anyone who lends her aid."

A young woman's voice called from inside the dungeon cell. "Is that you, James? Beth?"

"Yes," James said.

"Coming," Beth said.

The castle steward entered the room first. Then Beth. Patrick squeezed in too. The small room had only a straw mattress and a bucket. A narrow slit in the wall served as a window.

A young woman with curly, brown hair stood near the window.

Beth went to Molly and hugged her. "You have so much courage," Beth said. "Keep up hope. James is going to ask the king for your freedom."

Molly's large brown eyes grew even larger. "Can this be the truth?" she asked as she looked at James.

"Verily, 'tis the truth," James said. "God as my witness, I will request an audience with His Majesty."

The mouse wriggled again, and Patrick handed the pouch to Molly.

"Thank you," she said. She peeked inside the small leather bag. "Frost will need this. She has been trained to come when I do give a signal."

Patrick was a little sad. He'd grown to like the mouse. He hoped he didn't have to watch it get eaten.

Molly went to the window. She pushed two fingers from each hand into her mouth. Then she blew. A shrill whistle escaped in three quick blasts. *Tweet, tweet, tweet.*

Then everyone was quiet. Minutes ticked by.

And then, suddenly, a bird appeared on the window ledge.

"Look," Patrick said. "Something is tied to its leg."

"Indeed," Molly said. "'Tis a letter."

She gently took the small piece of paper off the bird's leg. She unrolled the scrap. She handed it to James. "Pray read

this to me."

James took the paper. He read the words silently. Then he said, "This is from Stephen. He bids you to take courage. He avows he shall never cherish another woman as much as he cherishes you."

Molly burst into tears. "He doth think I shall be put to death!"

James gently took her in his arms. "There, there, child," he said. "I will beseech the King for a pardon. It shall be all right."

Patrick felt a nudge in his rib cage. It was Beth's elbow.

"We should go," Beth said quietly. "This is a private moment."

The cousins said a simple goodbye and left the prison cell.

Beth stayed with Patrick in Amelia's chambers. Hours passed. She hoped James would come with some sort of plan to release Molly. But he never came.

Sometimes she kneeled by her bed and prayed for Molly's release. Sometimes she stared out the window and watched Queen Anne and her ladies-in-waiting.

Patrick seemed bored and fiddled with a small object.

"What's that?" Beth asked.

Patrick tossed the item to her.

Beth studied it. It was metal and shaped like a shield. "This may be Queen Anne's family crest."

"How do you know that?"

"It's got red roses on top of white roses," Beth said. "That shows it's from the Tudor family. The bird has a crown, so that means it's a king or queen."

"Maybe," Patrick said. "Whatever it is, the Whittaker family approves it." He told her about the secret door at Whit's Castle in Belgium.

He put the trinket back in his pocket.

Beth looked out the window again. "They're back!"

King Henry, Amelia, the dogs, and dozens of guards and servants came into the garden. Amelia got off her horse in a

hurry. She stomped away.

King Henry approached his wife and her ladies.

Patrick came to the window.

Beth pointed to Stephen, who was riding Raven. He looked toward the window and waved.

"That's Molly's future husband," Beth said. "His name is Stephen White, but his real last name is Whittaker."

"He does look like our Mr. Whittaker. James does too," he said. "It seems all the Whittakers helped the Reformation efforts. They wanted people to read the Bible in their own language."

They watched as Stephen urged Raven to run. The horse and rider galloped away.

Suddenly Amelia pushed open the door and entered the chamber. She frowned when she saw Patrick.

"The boy is back," she said to Beth.

"His name is Patrick," Beth said.

"Whatever," Amelia said. She waved to Patrick. "Time for you to leave," she said. "Your cousin has work to do." She stood before a mirror near Beth's bed. Her frown could have curdled milk.

Beth agreed about the work. Amelia's headdress was a mess. The fabric was messy and dirty. Her hair had slipped out and looked like a rat's nest.

"What happened?" Patrick asked. "Your headdress looks like it went through a blender."

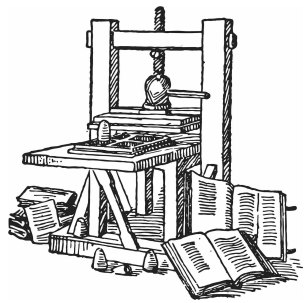
"Never you mind," Amelia said. "Scoot."

Beth shrugged. "Try helping in the kitchen," Beth said to Patrick. "Maybe you'll see James there."

Beth went to the dressing table and picked up the brush.

16

A Message from James



Patrick went through the narrow passageways to the kitchen. The staff busily rushed about with pots and pans and tablecloths. No one seemed to notice him.

He asked an older, kind-looking woman what the fuss was about.

"A dinner for His Majesty, King Henry," she said. "The work of a servant is never done."

"Where's James?" Patrick asked. "Does he normally help?"

She said, "Verily you are the kinsman of the new lass named Beth."

"I am," Patrick said.

A look of pity crossed her face. She said, "James, the good and wise steward of this castle, has departed! He hath gifted a letter to you and your kin."

"What does it say?" Patrick asked.

"I cannot read, sir," she said. Then she gave a shaky smile that showed two large, chipped teeth. She reached into her pocket and took out a little scroll.

"Here it be," she said.

Patrick took the letter. It was on fine parchment with a wax seal. He thought about taking it to Beth. But Amelia would also want to know what it said. That would be bad. So he unrolled the message and read:

Dear Patrick and Beth,

I doth confess that I have not been truthful. The note that Frost delivered was a warning. I had to take the New Testaments away quickly. It had to be secret. I also had need to secure the safe passage of Molly out of the castle. As the steward, I know of a secret way from the prison cell to the tunnel. We are leaving this place. Stephen will join us soon. My only regret is that I cannot beseech His Royal Highness to save Mr. William Tyndale.

Yours truly,
James

Patrick had mixed feelings. Joy and sadness and fear mixed together in his stomach. He felt a little ill.

He went over to an oven that blazed with fire. He tossed the note into the flames. That would keep Stephen's plans safe. No one else would know he had left England with Molly and James.

But Beth had to know. Their mission was over.

Beth worked on getting the knots out of Amelia's hair. She tugged on one tangle a little too hard.

"Ouch," Amelia said. "Be careful."

"I am," Beth said.

Just then the chamber door opened. Patrick hurried in.

Amelia turned around. "I thought I told you to scoot," she said.

Patrick ignored Amelia. "I've got important news," he said

to Beth. “We can leave now. Molly is gone and safe.”

Patrick told Beth about the secret passage to the tunnel.

“The three people we were sent to help are gone,” he added. “There’s no one to ask King Henry to help William Tyndale.”

Beth had an idea. Maybe Amelia would help them.

Beth put down the brush on the bedside table. She looked at Amelia’s reflection in the mirror. She made eye contact. “Would you pl—”

“No,” Amelia said.

“But you don’t know what I’m going to ask!” Beth cried.

“Yes, I do.” Amelia smirked. “You’re going to ask me to ask King Henry a favor. You want him to spare William Tyndale’s life.”

Patrick sat on Beth’s little bed. He sulked a bit. “I guess the adventure is over. When do you think the Imagination Station will show up?”

Beth thought about the broken remote. Patrick was sitting on it right now. But they could never fix it.

Amelia began laughing and captured Beth’s attention. “Listen to you two cowards,” Amelia said. “If you want something done, do it yourselves.”

Beth sat next to Patrick and then shook her head. “King Henry forbade me from being in his presence,” Beth said. “He’ll have me arrested at the very least.”

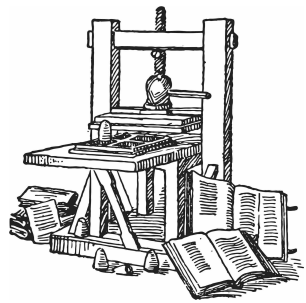
“And James told me that if I disturb the king”—Patrick made the motion of his hand crossing his neck—“I will have my head chopped off.”

“You two are disappointing,” she said. “The Bible that you love so much is filled with stories of courage. That woman Queen Esther is one example. Do you not believe these stories?”

Beth thought that it was very interesting that Amelia mentioned the story of Esther from the Old Testament. *Has she read the Bible before?* Beth wondered.

Beth stood and said words she never thought she’d say. “You’re right, Amelia.” She went on. “Queen Esther dared to go before the king. And so can I.”

Queen Anne Boleyn



Patrick and Beth brushed their own hair. They straightened their clothes. Patrick did everything he could think of to get ready to talk to the royal couple.

Amelia watched them. She smirked the whole time.

"Let's practice saying our request in the mirror," he said to Beth. "I want to make sure my smile looks good."

Just then the tower clock chimed.

"You don't have time to practice," Amelia said. "The royal couple will be in the great hall to listen to music. This will be the only time you can talk to them. Go now!"

Beth took Patrick's hand. "Let's pray first."

"You'd better," Amelia added. "It could be your last time."

Patrick squeezed Beth's hand and bowed his head. He didn't let Amelia's words scare him. "Dear God," he prayed, "please give us courage to talk to King Henry and Queen Anne. You are the true King of this world. We ask that You would be honored. In Jesus' name we pray. Amen."

Amelia was standing by the wooden door. She opened it so they could pass.

Beth hurried out the door. Patrick followed.

"Remember to bow. And bow a lot," Amelia said. She came into the hall and shut the door behind her.

"You're coming too?" Beth asked.

"Of course," Amelia said. "I wouldn't miss this for the world."

Patrick froze. His stomach flipped. He didn't trust Amelia. He knew she could ruin everything.

"Chop-chop," Amelia said. "There's no going back now." She put her hand on his back and gave a little prod. "Get going. John Whittaker sent you for such a time as this."

Beth hurried down the main corridor. She left Amelia and Patrick behind. She passed beautiful tapestries and paintings. Her feet glided across the polished tile.

She arrived at the entrance to the great hall alone. The guard outside the wide, arched doors was Ross. He held a halberd in his right hand. A long sword hung from his belt. His small ears turned red when he saw Beth.

"You turned me in for having a New Testament," Beth said.

"I had need of better judgment," Ross said. "I did not foresee that Yeoman White would flee because of those books."

"Why did you do it?" she asked. "Don't you think people should be able to read God's words?"

His ears turned a deeper shade of red. He patted a spot on his uniform. "The good yeoman did offer one to me. I shall treasure it till I draw my last breath."

Amelia and Patrick caught up to her. Patrick seemed confident. Amelia had a sly look on her face. But Beth didn't want to know why.

"Please let us in," Beth said to Ross.

"The musicians have not arrived," Ross said. "You shall listen out here where you will not disturb the King and Queen."

"But we need to speak to them," she said. "Open the

door!"

"'Twould be the death of us all," Ross said. "Pray do not ask this of me."

Amelia interrupted. "Oh, stop kidding around. I'm Lady Amelia. Surely the king will want to see *me*."

Amelia put her hand on the door.

Ross's expression froze. He let the halberd tilt in her direction.

Amelia stepped back.

Ross said, "It is not the King who forbids your ladyship's presence. It is the Queen. And I vowed to do her bidding. Nay, you shall not enter. Only those of her choosing will pass."

"What if we have the blessing of the Boleyn family?" Beth asked. "Is that good enough?"

"Verily. What have you for proof?" Ross asked.

Beth elbowed Patrick. "Show him the shield," she whispered.

Patrick reached into his pocket. He pulled out the little Boleyn shield.

Ross took it and inspected it. He handed it back to Patrick and gave a bow.

"You may enter," Ross said. "May God preserve your souls."

Beth gulped. Ross's words sounded like something from a funeral.

Patrick took a deep breath and entered the great hall. He felt better when he saw only one guard in the room. And he had only a dagger.

King Henry seemed to have had a big dinner. He was asleep in a large chair.

Patrick studied him. The word *dazzle* came to his mind. The king's jacket bulged with jewels and glittered with gold.

Queen Anne stood next to him. Her gown and headdress were stunning and decorated with gold. She looked prettier than an angel.

But she scowled when Amelia entered.

“Guard, pray remove these people from my presence.” The queen gave the order calmly.

“Wait!” Patrick said. “I mean, pray tarry, Your Majesty.”

At this point, Amelia walked to the window. Perhaps she wanted to be out of the queen’s sight. But Patrick could tell she was listening carefully.

He went to the queen and handed her the shield.

Anne broke into a smile, and she seemed even more beautiful. “Verily, this belongs to someone I admire greatly,” she said. “Tell me, what errand are you upon? Give me news of him.”

Patrick looked to Beth. She nodded.

Patrick bowed. He cleared his throat and bowed again. Then he said, “Your Royal Highness, the person who gave me the shield has a favor to ask. The scholar William Tyndale is now in jail in Belgium. Can you aid him and seek his release from jail?”

“Tyndale!”

It was the king. He was now fully awake. Patrick felt Beth hide behind him.

“Tyndale?” The king looked at Anne. “Is not he the fellow who says that people must obey the King? I like him.”

“Yes, my lord,” Anne said. “The very scholar. You much admired his writing when I showed you his book *The Obedience of a Christian Man*.”

The king looked at Patrick. “You say this William Tyndale is in prison?”

“Aye,” Patrick said. He hoped that was something a real English person would say and not just a pirate. “He will be burned at the stake unless he has help.”

“I have so few true friends,” the king said to Anne. “Talk to Sir Thomas More, my best advisor. He makes good things happen. Perhaps he can attend to Tyndale’s release.”

Anne turned pale. “My lord, you executed Sir More but two weeks ago.”

Henry scratched his head. “Yes,” he said, “I remember now. He didn’t like my divorce.”

Amelia suddenly turned around and left the window. “If I

may speak, Your Highness."

Henry saw Amelia. He seemed to come alive. He sat up straighter in the chair and wiped away some crumbs from his beard.

"With haste," the king said. "Tell us!"

Amelia bowed and then said, "William Tyndale is one of the most popular Britons of all time. You will earn praise if you secure his release."

"Popular?" the king said. "You mean he is beloved by the people? More than I am?"

Amelia smiled. "Yes! He is more beloved than you, according to a poll I read!"

Patrick's hope died with her words.

The king stood and shouted, "Never! Never then will I help him escape. I am the King, and I deserve all the devotion of the people."

Queen Anne looked as if she would faint. "Pray do not let William die! He is a leader in the Reformation!"

She leaned against the wall. Beth rushed to her. She put an arm around the queen to keep her from falling.

Then King Henry VIII saw Beth. His eyes narrowed.

"Guard!" he shouted. "Arrest this lass! Off with her head!"

The guard left the wall. He pulled out a knife.

Ross rushed inside. His halberd was raised.

Suddenly the rumble of the Imagination Station filled the room.

The Model T appeared.

Beth hugged the queen. "Have courage," Beth said. "God will not forget you, even if King Henry will."

Then Beth rushed to the car and got inside. Patrick climbed in beside her.

Patrick almost hit the horn on the control panel. But first he looked at Amelia.

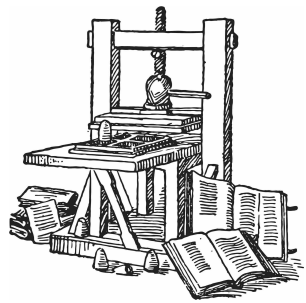
She was waving the old remote from the previous England adventure. Her smile told him she had fixed it. She could leave whenever she wanted to.

Patrick slammed his palm on the red button.

Suddenly everything went black.

18

Whit's End



Beth looked at the dashboard of the Model T Imagination Station. The light next to Amelia's name flashed green.

Patrick stepped out of the Imagination Station first. Beth got out too. It seemed like ages since she'd been at Whit's End. The familiar room helped her feel safe. She also enjoyed being in normal clothes again.

Whit stood behind one of his workbenches. He moved to the Imagination Station to greet them. "Great work," he said to them.

"But we didn't save William Tyndale," Patrick said. He took out the earbud and handed it to Whit. "He died, didn't he?"

Whit put a hand on Patrick's shoulder. "William was in prison for more than a year. Later he was executed. But his death made Reformers angry. They worked harder to print more New Testaments. Months later, King Henry the Eighth allowed English Bibles into the country."

"I feel as if we failed," Beth said. "I wish Amelia hadn't been there."

Whit chuckled. “Sometimes help comes from odd places. You would have been too afraid to talk to the royals without her. She reminded you that people in the Bible had courage. And it was Amelia who saved you from prison and worse.”

Beth remembered that Amelia had mentioned Queen Esther. And the scientist had kept King Henry from putting her in prison. It had seemed selfish of Amelia at the time. But maybe she did care about Beth, at least a little.

“We did help James, Molly, and Stephen,” Patrick said. “Sort of. They had things well planned out. They were smart, like you, Mr. Whittaker.”

“You did make a difference!” Whit said. “Stephen and Molly were my ancestors. They helped with the Reformation throughout their lives. And I obviously wouldn’t be here without them.”

“So if Molly had died, you wouldn’t be here,” Patrick said.

“And there would be no Whit’s End and no adventures,” Beth said.

Whit smiled. There was a bright twinkle in his eyes. He moved to the Model T and put his hand on the hood. “Speaking of adventures,” he said, “I need a little more help.”

Beth said, “Pray reveal how you need aid.” She was going to miss all that sixteenth-century English.

Patrick laughed and then said, “Verily, we shall assist.”

“Amelia is on her own in the other Imagination Station,” he said. “She thinks she’s in control with the old remote she found when Beth was with Molly. But I sent her somewhere fit for troublemakers.”

Beth remembered the lights on the dashboard. “Amelia’s light is green. Does that mean she’s safe?”

Whit stroked his chin. “She’s safe for now. But she’ll soon find a way to put herself in danger.”

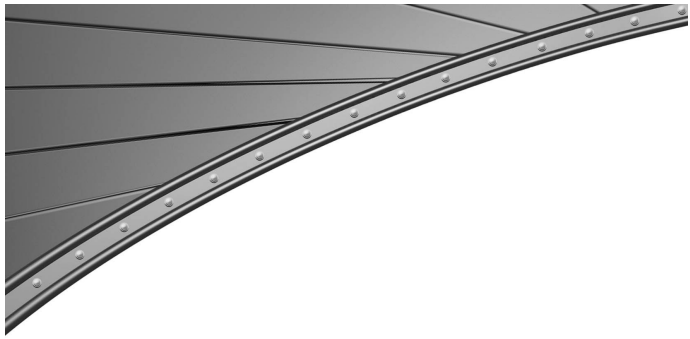
“Where?” Beth asked.

Whit told them.

Beth gasped. She felt a bit afraid.

Patrick did a fist pump. “That’s great! I’ve always wanted to go there!”

Where did Whit send Amelia? And how will that affect Patrick and Beth's next adventure? Find out in Imagination Station #33: *Double Cross Down Under*. To learn more about this and other Imagination Station adventures, visit TheImaginationStation.com.



Secret Word Puzzle

Many English kings and queens visited Sudeley Castle. One of them owned it for a time. Catherine Parr, King Henry VIII's sixth wife, lived there until her death. She is buried in the chapel on the castle grounds.

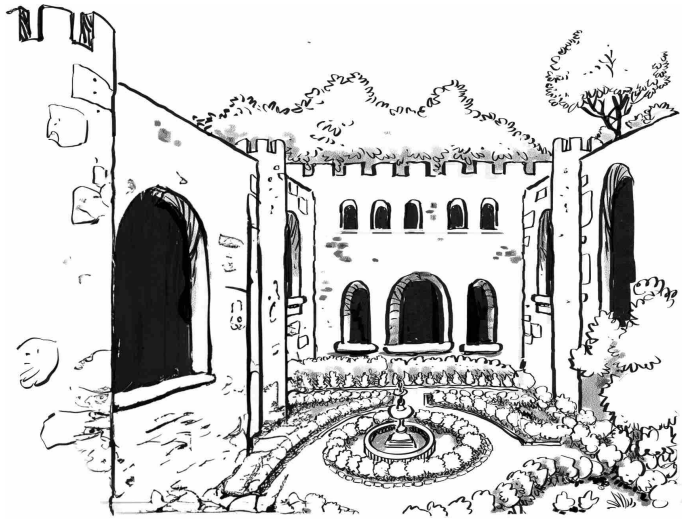
Unscramble the letters on the next page to form a word that relates to this story. Write those words on the lines on that page. Next, put the boxed letters in order in the boxes on page 189. Then you'll know the secret word.

1. tlc
   1. ☐ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___
2. ao
   2. ___ ___ ___ ___ ☐ ___
3. du
   3. ___ ☐ ___ ___ ___
4. ya
   4. ___ ☐ ___ ___ ___ ___
5. en
   5. ☐ ___ ___ ___
6. gundoen

6. ___ ___ ___ ☐ ___ ___ ___

7. yr ☐

7. ___ ___ ___ ___



Secret Word

☐	☐	☐	☐	☐	☐	☐
1	2	3	4	5	6	7

Go to TheImaginationStation.com. Find the cover of this book. Click on "Secret Word." Type in the correct answer, and you'll receive a prize

Author and Illustrator

Author **MARIANNE HERING** has been making reading fun since she joined the staff of *Focus on the Family Clubhouse* and *Club Jr.* magazines in 1987. When she isn't writing, she's adventuring in the Colorado Rockies with her family and dog, Sam. Find out more about The Imagination Station books and other fun stuff at MarianneHering.com.

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3: Peril in the Palace

4: Revenge of the Red Knight

5: Showdown with the Shepherd

6: Problems in Plymouth

7: Secret of the Prince's Tomb

8: Battle for Cannibal Island

9: Escape to the Hiding Place

10: Challenge on the Hill of Fire

11: Hunt for the Devil's Dragon

12: Danger on a Silent Night

13: The Redcoats Are Coming!

14: Captured on the High Seas

15: Surprise at Yorktown

16: Doomsday in Pompeii

17: In Fear of the Spear

18: Trouble on the Orphan Train

19: Light in the Lions' Den

20: Inferno in Tokyo

21: Madman in Manhattan

22: Freedom at the Falls

23: Terror in the Tunnel

24: Rescue on the River

25: Poison at the Pump

26: Swept into the Sea

27: Refugees on the Run

28: Islands and Enemies

29: Sled Run for Survival

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